Not War, Not Peace *The Editors*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

October 2, 1965, 35 cents

The Speechmaker

Andrew Kopkind on Fulbright

China's Presence at the UN

Philip Ben

Who Will Save the Hudson?

James Ridgeway

Bussing in Boston

Robert Coles

NEWSPAPER NEWSP
SERIALS DEPT
UNIV OF VT
BURLINGTON VT
GUY W BAILEY LIB.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trans-action

THE MAGAZINE OF SOCIAL SCIENCE & MODERN SOCIETY

brings new insights and informative articles based on reliable research

FROM PEOPLE WHO KNOW

(psychology, sociology, economics, political science and anthropology)

TO PEOPLE WHO DO-

(management, communications, government, the professions, civic leaders, supervisors, intellectuals)...YOU

NEWSWEEK: *"The physical sciences have their Scientific American, but until recently the social sciences had no publication in which the professional could speak intelligently – and intelligibly – to the layman... Trans-action offers an authoritative, jargonless view of the usually recondite world of the social sciences."* February 15, 1965

DID YOU MISS... these articles in recent issues?

- Who Needs the Negro?
- Beyond Berkeley: High Noon on Campus
- The Ethics of Psychoanalysis
- New Strategies for the War on Poverty
- Flattery Will Get You Somewhere
- The Innovating Organization – special supplement

DO NOT MISS... these in upcoming issues!

- Does military deterrence work?
- How top-level executives resolve disputes
- Is there an American Protestantism?
- The "power elite" of American small towns
- The social and psychological stakes in the space race
- What happens when mothers don't love their babies?

make your next transaction

Trans-action

BOX 43,
WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI 63130

Send me the October issue of *Trans*-action and enter my trial subscription for one year (six issues) at only $3.50.

☐ $3.50 enclosed (An EXTRA ISSUE free if no billing is necessary.) ☐ Bill me. If I am not completely satisfied with the issue, I may cancel the subscription, keep the issue, and owe nothing or get a refund.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

10TA-NR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GREAT MOMENTS AT CHICAGO

One evening this spring, Dr. Maarten Schmidt sighted from Palomar a celestial object so distant it seemed to lie close to the beginning of time. Its light, he calculated, had begun its journey to earth soon after the postulated birth of the universe. Spectacular news – the first real clue to support Einstein's "big bang" theory of the universe's creation.

Dr. Schmidt lost no time in sharing the news – news that had already traveled 30 billion light years – with Dr. Subrahmanyan Chandrasekhar, editor of *The Astrophysical Journal*, published by The University of Chicago Press. In another twinkling, Dr. Schmidt's findings were appended to the April issue of the *Journal*, already on the press.* So it was that this specialists' journal (a journal that each month this year has found itself handling late news from outer space), became the means by which the daily press and thus the entire world learned of the great discovery.

Though they do not often operate in the stop-the-presses tradition, all of the university's 29 specialized journals perform similarly notable service. Without them – and the books bearing the Press's imprint – scholars would be deprived of a crucial means of sharing the results of their labors:

A Peril and a Hope: The Scientists' Movement in America, 1945-1947 *by Alice Kimball Smith.* "A clear story of the complex events that led . . . to the development of the political role of the laboratory scientist in the first two years after the close of the war . . . fully and critically documented, compassionately written, painstakingly detailed."—*Scientific American.* $10.00

The Collected Papers of Enrico Fermi, Volume II: United States, 1939-54. $22.50

Man on Another World *by Gösta Ehrensvärd.* The probabilities of life on the Moon, Venus, and Mars. $5.95

Hysteria *by Ilza Veith.* The first major history of the disease that stirred the curiosity, challenged the skills of doctors for two thousand years. $7.95

Quasi-Stellar Sources and Gravitational Collapse. Ed. *by Ivor Robinson, Alfred Schild, E. L. Schucking.* $10.00

The Year of the Gorilla *by George B. Schaller.* "Surpasses any animal book I have read for a long time." —GERALD DURRELL, *New York Times.* $5.95

Genetics and the Social Behavior of the Dog *by John Paul Scott and John L. Fuller.* Far-reaching research on the influence of heredity on behavior. $12.50

*"Large Redshifts of Five Quasi-Stellar Sources" by Maarten Schmidt, *Astrophysical Journal*, April 1, 1965, Vol. 141, No. 3, $6.00; one year's subscription (12 issues) $35.00

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS *Chicago and London*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

T.R.B. *from Washington*

What Price Cars?

★ There is some dispute as this is written on how the automobile industry will price its cars next year. Preliminary statements by Chrysler indicated that there might be an effort to raise prices, and subsequent statements by General Motors made it appear that prices, if not raised, will remain just about the same. This is a particularly sensitive economic subject which the public doesn't know much about. Instead of raising car prices they ought to be cut.

America has had less inflation than any other big country, partly because organized labor and big business have voluntarily adhered to the so-called "guideposts" promulgated by the President's Council of Economic Advisers.

Under this yardstick, union demands for higher wages are supposed to be kept level with the rise of national productivity; a demand for more than 3.2 percent would be considered inflationary. Editorial writers delight to apply this criterion to each new wage settlement and to hold union bargainers to the guidepost scale.

But there is another part to it. Newspapers have rarely mentioned it – the obligation of management to cut prices where possible. In an industry "whose trend productivity is growing more rapidly than the national average," the CEA report in January, 1964 said, "product prices should be lowered. . . ."

The glaring violator of this rule is the gigantic automobile industry. It has been breaking records in sales and profits. Without mentioning it by name, the Council in 1964 practically pleaded with it to cut prices. A bargaining session with Walter Reuther lay ahead. The Council didn't have to say who it was talking to when it wrote, "Failure to follow the general price guide will cause profits to pile up . . . such profits become highly visible. . . and constitute a lure for intensified wage demands."

President Johnson expressed "concern" too, but an election lay before him and he was conciliating business. He avoided an open clash. What happened was just what the Council predicted. Industry profits were visible for miles; the auto workers got an excessive wage boost (as compared to other industries) and price stability was threatened. Editorial writers denounced the union, maintained bland silence on management's failure to follow the price-cut guideline.

Last January Mr. Johnson appealed again to business and labor to be good. But this time the Council mentioned autos by name. Some industries, it said, "with large productivity gains made only token reduction in prices or even raised them . . . [tending] to produce unusually high profits (as in the automobile industry) which serve as inviting targets for wage increases. . . ."

Every economist knows about this. Chrysler last week argued that it needed higher prices now to compensate for new safety devices. It seemed unlikely that other companies would have the gall to go along. It is no trivial matter. Wholesale prices, long stable, have recently begun to rise significantly in the Vietnam war; the determined push by a big industry now could start a real inflationary spiral in *retail* prices. The US automobile industry has enough profits to absorb the cost of safety devices and to cut prices $100 a car, too.

Minority Doubt

★ We have never hidden our minority doubt about the new immigration law. Certainly it cures some ills, but it gives vast discretionary power to officials that will become evident, we believe, in four or five years. The new law enlarges immigration in spite of severe US unemployment. We suspect the increase is more than admitted and also that it will be an argument for further expansion in years to come.

In theory, after a preliminary three years, admittance to the affluent US will be allocated annually on a first-come, first-served basis – China, Greece and Nigeria alike. It will be quite a crush (as it is now) and we doubt if Congress can stand the strain of holding the gate open only a crack. Even under the present law there is more than meets the eye. Japan has a quota of "185," yet since the present law started in 1952, 55,000 Japanese have legally entered. Italy's annual quota is "5,666." Actually, over an 11-year period, 243,000 Italian immigrants came in. In fact, only a third of those entering came under the hated "quota" provision; most of the other two-thirds entered under supplementary provisions of the law.

But the new law emphasizes special skills, advocates say. True, and since 1952, 50 percent of all the quota numbers have been available for special skills, too. Presidents Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy and Johnson asked repeal of the particular national origins law. This is now all but accomplished. Well and good. On the other hand, a Harris poll, May 31, reported that "better than two-to-one" of the public "opposes changing the immigration laws to allow more people to enter this country." In summary, we don't think that, in a world population explosion, immigration is a solution.

★ *Notes:* In spite of evidence of systematic exclusion of Negroes from voting, the House rejected last week, heavily, the effort to oust the Mississippi Congressional delegation. And yet, there it is, as it has been for an unenforced century, in Article XIV of the Constitution: "When the right to vote at any election . . . is denied . . . or in any way abridged . . . the basis of representation therein shall be reduced in proportion. . . ." Who cares? It's just the funny old Constitution.

Having nothing better to do last week, the House airily threw a brick into Latin American relations. It passed a foggily-worded resolution, 312-52, implying that Latin America is besieged by Communists, and that the US has a unilateral right to intervene anywhere, any time. Sponsor Rep. Selden (D., Ala.) denies new policy is intended, but the few sane members accurately predicted the result and pleaded against the new style of international McCarthyism. Raging anti-US resolutions punctually followed in Latin parliaments, already aroused by US intervention in Santo Domingo. Incredibly, no warning came from Secretary Rusk.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Opinion Volume 153 Number 14 Issue 2654 October 2, 1965*
Published weekly (except July and August when it is biweekly) and distributed by The New Republic, *1244 19th St., N.W., Washington, D. C. 20036. Phone FEderal 8-2494. Single copy 35c. Yearly subscription, $8; Foreign, $9; Armed Forces personnel or students, $6.50. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of addresses to Subscription Department,* The New Republic, *381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43301.* *Copyright© 1965 by Harrison-Blaine of New Jersey, Inc.* *Item g. Second Class Postage Paid at Washington, D. C. Indexed in* Readers' Guide.

CONTENTS

COMMENT – 5-8
Not War, Not Peace
Signs Along the Road,
Beyond the Law,
Mississippi Challengers,
Biting the Hand

China's Presence at the UN
– *Philip Ben* 9
Who Will Save the Hudson, and How?
– *James Ridgeway* 10
Bussing in Boston
– *Robert Coles* 12
The Speechmaker
– *Andrew Kopkind* 15
An End to Soviet Censorship?
– *Abraham Brumberg* 19
Feiffer 22

BOOKS – *Reviews by Lawrence Grauman, Jr., Philip Deane, J. M. Edelstein, Alex Campbell* 23
FILMS *by Stanley Kauffmann* 30
ART *by Frank Getlein* 32
CORRESPONDENCE 36

THE STAFF

Editor-in-Chief – Gilbert A. Harrison
Managing Editor – Alex Campbell
Books and Arts Editor – Robert Evett
Associate Editors – James Ridgeway, Andrew Kopkind
Staff Writer – David Sanford
Assistant to the Editors – F. R. Ruskin
Copy Editor – Lucille Davis
Contributing Editors: Alexander M. Bickel, Robert Brustein, Asher Brynes, Joseph Featherstone, Helen Fuller, Frank Getlein, B. H. Haggin, Morton H. Halperin, Irving Howe, Christopher Jencks, Gerald W. Johnson, Stanley Kauffmann, Murray Kempton, Charles Burton Marshall, Helen Hill Miller
Publisher – Robert B. Luce
Circulation Manager – Bertha Lehman
Business Manager – Glenon Matthiesen
New York Advertising Representative – E. Laurence White, Jr., Good-Laidley-White 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. 10017

Not War, Not Peace

Peking's Himalayan gong-beating was like the roar of the autumn tiger, which is what the Chinese themselves call a late September heat – fierce, but not lasting. Meantime, Pakistan and India have accepted the United Nations demand for a cease-fire. The world can draw a deep breath of relief. But the respite is only temporary: The antagonists, both too weak materially to persevere in fighting, are too weak politically to reach an accommodation. Mao Tse-tung's elastic-band ultimata and absurd cry for the return by India of four kidnapped Tibetans, 800 sheep and 59 yaks can be dismissed as Chinese opera. Nevertheless Chinese soldiers are still peering over the Himalayas; and the quarrel over Kashmir can still be deadly to India, Pakistan, and to world peace. What the situation calls for, and has already to some extent evoked, is a renewed and more determined bid to make the United Nations really work. Such a bid ought to start from what the Himalayan chess moves uncovered. This, as we surmised two weeks ago, is that the Chinese despite their whirling words of menace aren't at all keen to get into a war, with India or anyone else. It is a significant revelation, and probably quite the opposite of what the Chinese intended. Most people have got around to accepting that Russia doesn't want to get into a war. But until now China had deliberately contrived to present itself as an ominous question mark (which is what Russia was also doing, not so long ago). Now, however, the question about China seems answered, for the time being. In that sense, the virtual Chinese abandonment of their extended ultimatum to India, which parallels China's equally unexpected unilateral cease-fire in the Himalayas in 1962, may rank in history with Khrushchev's decision to withdraw Soviet missiles from Cuba. Khrushchev, it ought to be added in fairness to China, beat his retreat under enormous American pressure, which was not being exerted in the Himalayas against China in spite of Indian demands on the US to do so.

The President's and the State Department's caution and their full use of UN diplomatic channels are to be commended. But there are two ways in which they might now react to the discovery that the Chinese are a bit of a paper tiger, one of them thoroughly bad. The bad course would be to push the cold war against China all the more relentlessly because the danger of doing so will seem less, and to pursue it in as close association as possible with Russia, whose behavior in the Indo-Pakistan dispute and the UN Security Council was aimed against Peking. The temptation of such a tacit alliance to this

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

country, still deeply involved in Vietname, is obvious enough. Less obvious, but none the less cogent for that, are the reasons why the temptation ought to be firmly resisted. Briefly, Russian collaboration in such a venture would almost certainly be from dubious motives, a Soviet hope of putting down China and making the US an instrument of that purpose. Such a course offers no promise of moving the world closer to a secure peace; on the contrary, it would make the maintenance of peace even more hazardous. The Russians for instance have been supplying military aid to India, as have we; and the Russians have gone very much further than the US by endorsing New Delhi's insistence that Kashmir is an "integral" part of India. They strongly condemned China for supporting Pakistan and for making faces on the Indian border. But how much Soviet help would India get in a military showdown? Russian diplomacy, one sees plainly, is colored by Russian resentment of China's territorial claims – on Russia as well as on India – and of China's insulting ideological challenge. If, as has been suggested, the Chinese are prepared in the last resort to fight to the last Vietnamese and the last Pakistani, the Russians may be equally willing to fight to the last Indian or even the last American, and may hope that, again in the last resort, the onus of destroying China's military nuclear installations will fall on the US, while Russia reaps whatever temporary benefit might accrue. The State Department by its prudence last week showed that it is aware of those possibilities.

The correct alternative to a tacit alliance of the US and Russia for the purpose of destroying or sealing off China is to do what the Secretary General of the United Nations has suggested. This is to put the big international problems, including Vietnam, back in the UN. Neither U Thant nor anyone else can possibly have illusions about the extreme difficulties involved or the uncertainty of the outcome. The UN has just managed to survive an acute financial crisis only because the US did not fully press a point of legal interpretation. The UN, as Philip Ben says in his report in this issue, remains an unsure, confused body in which the latest, 117th member, the Maldive Islands with 100,000 population, can cast an Assembly vote theoretically equal to that of a super-power. India and Pakistan reluctantly obeyed the Security Council's cease-fire command only because they were running out of military steam and had become afraid of being abandoned, or abused, by the big powers. Yet the UN with all its shortcomings, even because of them, has to be given more tasks; it needs exercise if it is not soon to become weaker still. The Indo-Pakistan fighting showed that time is ebbing for the world organization, and therefore for world peace. Pakistan accompanied its grudging acquiescence to the cease-fire with an intimation that if nothing is done about a plebiscite in Kashmir it will quit the UN. In that event, Pakistan would almost certainly turn up, with Indonesia and Cambodia, as members of a rival organization which Communist China hopes to assemble.

This month, the UN may find itself voting on Communist China's admission, and for the first time it appears there will be a majority in favor. A simple majority will not be enough if the US succeeds in having China's admission hinge on a two-thirds vote. But that kind of delaying tactic saves nothing, solves nothing. Communist China ought to be in the UN. Instead of opposing that admission and so risk being eventually steamrollered in the Assembly or seeing the UN begin to break up, this country would be acting shrewdly by taking the initiative to resolve the dilemma that China presents. Peking demands Formosa, which is a client-state of the US because of our ties with the Chiang Kai-shek regime on the island; but the 10-million Formosans may well want to rule themselves, and it is worth recalling that in September 1950 the US asked the UN Assembly to put Formosa's future status on its agenda. What's wrong with self-determination? The point is that all disputes which threaten world peace ought to come within the purview of the UN, and today most of them involve China in greater or less degree. They include both Vietnam and Kashmir; they also include China's territorial claims – to Formosa, to some thousands of square miles in the Himalayas, and to a great deal of territory now in Soviet hands. Many of China's claims incidentally are also put forward by the present nationalist Chinese representative on the UN Security Council. All these disputes are reasons for trying to get China to the bargaining table, not trying to keep her away. All are going to be terribly hard to settle and will call, as U Thant said about Vietnam, for "major concessions by all sides." Far better to have Peking's grievances (and the grievances of her neighbors) openly discussed in an international forum of which she is a member than to hope to "contain" China by means of an unlikely blocking operation by the US and Russia. Most if not everyone of America's allies in the West would welcome a new Open Door policy – one that beckons China out of its partly imposed and partly self-imposed isolation and into formal discourse with all other governments. No nation including China wants to fight a major war. Why not start with that and put the UN to work on healing the world's sore spots?

Signs Along the Road

Mrs. Kennedy beautified the White House; Mrs. Johnson, in Texas style, is taking on the rest of the country. And as anyone who has seen a praline sign in Louisiana or the succession of beaded belt, cactus candy

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and live Gila monster advertisements in the desert Southwest knows, our countryside can do with some beautification. Before the Senate passed the Administration anti-billboard bill and sent it on to the House in mid-September, Senator Magnuson mentioned that he had seen signs along the roads in his own state of Washington with pictures of Mount Rainier on them. "They are pretty high," he said, "and behind them is Mount Rainier. The mountain cannot be seen because of the advertising."

If the House approves the "Lady Bird bill," by 1970 those clever little Burma Shave signs, along the nation's 41,000-mile interstate highway system and 224,000 miles of primary highways, will be just a memory.

This victory over ugliness, however, is limited and the costs in concessions to the billboard and junk men will be high. In its original form the Administration bill would have shut off federal highway funds to states failing to provide for the effective control of advertising signs and scrap heaps along the interstate system and primary highways. But the bill finally passed by the Senate was compromised to provide for only a token cut of 10 percent for noncompliance.

The original Administration bill would also have had states eliminate advertising within 1,000 feet of a highway (now amended to 660 feet) through the use of their police power. But an amendment was tacked on to compensate those whose billboards have to be removed. The federal government will thus have to put up more than $40 million to billboard owners for the loss of a "right" they never had: The signs may be on *private* property, but they accost travelers on *public* roads on whose proximity they depend for their effectiveness. 75 percent of this compensation cost will be picked up by the federal government, 25 percent by the states.

The highway bill requires fencing or other camouflage for the 17,730 or so junkyards within a thousand feet of an interstate or primary highway. Where this is not possible junkyards will have to be removed entirely. The junk interests objected loudly. During hearings a representative of one company suggested that the esthetic arrangement of cars in automobile graveyards might go a long way toward making the highways more beautiful (beautiful as parking lots are beautiful).

Neither the Administration bill nor the amended version, which still has White House blessing, does anything about the billboard jungles and scrap heaps in cities and away from the affected roads. Nor will it make more pleasing to the eye most factories, poultry ranches, hog pens, manure piles or drive-in theatres. Something, quite a bit, therefore remains for state and local initiative – and the Republicans might take it from there.

Beyond the Law

In North Carolina, any person found drunk in a public place for the third time within twelve months is declared guilty of a misdemeanor punishable within the discretion of the court. Having been found drunk in a public place for the fifth time in a year, Joe B. Driver was sentenced in the Superior Court of Durham County, North Carolina, to two years' imprisonment. At the trial, Driver testified: "I am 58 years old and was first arrested for drunkenness at age 24. Since then I have spent two-thirds of my life on the roads for drinking. Yes, sir, I consider myself an alcoholic. I want to do something about it, but it don't look like I can."

> Judge: If I counted correctly would it be right that you have been up for being publicly drunk 203 times?
> Driver: I wouldn't doubt it, Your Honor, I have lost record of it.
> Judge: Have you been up for larceny nine times?
> Driver: That was while I was drinking. I have not been in jail in my life but what it wasn't the cause of it.
> Judge: You have been up for indecent exposure two times?
> Driver: I was drunk both of them times.

This pathetic tale ended with an affirmance of the judgment and sentence by the Supreme Court of North Carolina, and a denial, last June, by a US District

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Court of a petition for habeas corpus. The argument made for Driver in the federal court was that the sentence was a cruel and unusual punishment in violation of the Eighth Amendment to the United States Constitution. The court's answer, which was probably a proper one for a court to make, was that the confinement of such an individual as Driver is not forbidden by the federal Constitution, especially since North Carolina had not confined Driver at hard labor, but is holding him in a place where medical and psychiatric treatment is available and where he has access to an active group of Alcoholics Anonymous.

But regardless of the constitutionality or unconstitutionality of North Carolina's treatment of Driver, and aside from the wisdom or humanity of that treatment, the thing that suggests itself is that finding out what we can about the Drivers of this world, and doing something about them that has some chance of being more effective than flinging them in jail, is more likely to "fight crime" than any tinkering with the criminal law or with the procedures by which it is enforced. Poor wretched Joe B. Driver was something of a one-man crime wave; but not merely because the local statute made his drunkenness a crime.

Mississippi Challengers

"Each House shall be the judge of the elections, returns and qualifications of its own members," says the Constitution. That was the basis of the challenge brought by the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party (*NR* July 24) to unseat the state's four Democratic and one Republican congressmen, chosen last November in an election from which Negroes were systematically excluded. After nine months of challenging, the House found, 228 to 143, against the MFDP.

The challenge was a legal nightmare. Advice for strengthening the challengers' case came from all sides, and the advisers were peeved when they were not heeded. The weakest point in the case was that the petitioners were not themselves certified candidates; but how could they be? They were challenging precisely because they were denied a place on the ballot. Republicans who made a brilliant legal case earlier in the session for allowing a non-candidate to contest the election of a liberal New York Democrat, turned around and supported the opposite view, that only losing candidates can challenge.

So it was, finally, a political decision. The Democratic leaders, though they warned Mississippi not to do it again, teamed up with Republicans to dismiss the challenge. As for the Mississippi Negroes: three were allowed to sit in Congress during the debate, 300 lobbied all week, and a half-million back home learned a little bit more about politics in Washington.

Biting the Hand

By a voice vote, the House has passed a bill offering $60 million over the next three years to the arts and humanities. It had been sent to Congress last March by the President. With some minor amendment, the Senate gave its blessing; and after further minor amendment and House approval, it now returns to the Senate, where quick acceptance is foreseen. In the light of long opposition to similar legislation (the first arts-council bill was submitted in 1877), this easy congressional concurrence is nearly miraculous. The "boob bloc" consisted only of Rep. H. R. Gross (R., Iowa), who tried to ridicule the measure by offering amendments that would subsidize belly dancing and pinochle. Passage was swept along on a tide of interest in culture that has flooded up in the last few years with the establishment of many state arts councils. The most widely-rumored Presidential choice to head the new Arts Endowment is Roger L. Stevens, present chairman of the National Council on the Arts. Stevens is a successful real-estate man turned theatrical producer who deserves large credit for successfully funding the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in Washington. His theatrical career was often well-intentioned and sometimes meritorious.

During the next three years, heckling and pork-barreling can be expected from the Grosses on the Hill, who will discover that one of the subsidized composers (though there will be few grants to individuals to start with) had a cousin who fought for the Spanish Loyalists or that a subsidized art show contains a painting called *Mother* that is an insult to all mothers. One test of courage, when renewal time comes in 1968, will be not to retreat a millimeter from the clause that forbids any federal employee from interfering with the operation of the Endowment.

Five million dollars a year each is provided for the arts and the humanities, with an additional five million each available to meet challenge grants from private sources. If foolishly used, better five million than 50; if sensibly used, five million for the arts is only a teasing trickle. This past June, the federally financed Canada Council granted $1,215,000 to the performing arts alone. Canada, which has about one-fifteenth the US national revenue, spends an annual $10 million on the arts and humanities.

The dangers of government patronage to independent and provocative creative work have long been emphasized and have not disappeared. Still, what now lies ahead is one of the more interesting ventures that the American society has ever embarked on. We are about to find out whether we have the sense and spirit to support from taxes an activity that must be free to criticize and disturb the very society that subsidizes it.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

China's Presence at the UN

United Nations

The Asians, the Africans and the Communist bloc are in a state of confusion – and no wonder. For a long time, the United Nations has been spellbound by the fiction of a powerful Afro-Asian grouping, active in and out of the UN, which had both the ambition and the capability to lead the world along entirely new paths. The Afro-Asians did stand together on such issues as French rule in Algeria, apartheid in South Africa and Portuguese colonialism. Yet that solidarity was never able to withstand the divisive temptations of such doubtful honors as being elected to the Economic and Social Council or the Trusteeship Council. And now the Afro-Asians no longer even meet together, and if the Africans still do, it is mostly to quarrel over a candidate for the post of rapporteur of the second committee or vice chairman of the fifth.

Nevertheless, until recently some Africans and Asians insisted that they, the newly liberated nations, represent a higher morale, a nobler vision, than do the old powers of Europe and the US. And the Communist countries have encouraged this pretension. The Indian claim to be the supreme arbiter of morals, the teacher of patience and moderation, the model of obedience to UN decisions, the believer in nonviolence and compromise – how many imitators it had! Nkrumah, Sekou Touré, Nasser, Ben Bella, all of them tried to behave exactly as Nehru and Krishna Menon. The bombs in Kashmir and in Lahore killed this legend of Asian patience, moderation and wisdom.

The now-ended fighting between India and Pakistan brought not only a moral levelling, but novel alignments. This was nowhere more evident than in American efforts of the last two weeks to restore the era of good feelings which prevailed briefly between the United States and the USSR following the test ban treaty of 1963, and which has been battered badly by Vietnam. Endless private deliberations preceded the latest Security Council resolution ordering India and Pakistan to cease fighting. Of course unanimity was necessary, but during the tough bargaining over every word and every comma of the draft, Ambassador Goldberg, anxious though he was to bring about an end to hostilities, was even more anxious to have American-Soviet agreement on every detailed point.

The Russians seemed a bit surprised, even alarmed by Mr. Goldberg's insistence. Their actions were guided by quite other considerations. When the India-Pakistan clash began, the Russians' primary concern was to avoid exposing themselves to renewed propaganda blasts by Peking. With that in mind, they first edged away from their traditional pro-Indian position. They began to pattern their diplomacy on that of France, for is not France the only power on the Security Council that has good standing in Peking and is thus to a certain extent protected from vitriolic Chinese attacks? Then came the Chinese ultimatum on the alleged fortifications on the Sikkim border. At once Soviet diplomats in their behind-the-scenes maneuvering in the Security Council began to take care of India's interests. Perhaps they began to fear that Peking really meant business, and that while China's short-term aim was to bolster Pakistan's fighting spirit and prevent its acceptance of a cease-fire, its long-range aim is nothing less than the dissolution of India as a unified state. And India, weak as it is, is the most important Soviet ally in Asia, the only possible bulwark against Chinese control of this huge continent.

In the bargaining over the text of the cease-fire resolution, France played a highly interesting game. At first, the French aligned themselves with the Russians to defeat all Western attempts to implement the suggestion of the Secretary General that the Security Council issue a cease-fire order based on Chapter 7 of the UN Charter, which provides, in the event of noncompliance, for the application of economic and even military sanctions. Remembering Korea, the Russians have no taste for Chapter 7. The French attitude was consistent with de Gaulle's belief that the UN can only act through a consensus of the great powers, not through constraint. Is it not unrealistic, said the French, to speak of military sanctions against such huge countries as India and Pakistan? Who would enforce them: American GI's supported by Russian Ivans?

At one point in the negotiations, France demanded that the draft resolution be stripped of its pronounced anti-Pakistan character, though France has no particular reason to favor Pakistan. Many observers here concluded that once again the Chinese angle is significant. As the Chinese card appreciates in value in international affairs, is it surprising that de Gaulle chooses to play it for his own benefit?

This shadow of the absent giant looms over the General Assembly. It was visible in the maneuvers preced-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing the election of the Assembly President last week. Every year numerous important persons are attracted by the dubious privilege of presiding long hours over hundreds of incoherent and foolish speeches. During its 20 years, the General Assembly has never had a Communist president. Two years ago, the Communist bloc was promised this job. Poland was pushing its candidate forward. But then the well-liked Quaison-Sackey of Ghana let his friends know that his boss, Nkrumah, wanted badly to give him a most important job, but he could do it only on condition that Quaison-Sackey first be elected President of the Assembly. So the Poles gave way. This year, the Poles dropped their claim altogether. "In our foreign office, they were so scared that Peking would start blazing away at Poland for its role in the United Nations that they decided not to covet this honor, an honor which they so badly wanted only a few months ago," remarked a knowledgeable Pole.

The Polish withdrawal opened the way for the West Europeans and the East Europeans to quarrel over who should have the right to designate the new president. Meanwhile, the Americans were telling everyone that to elect a Communist would provoke a storm of indignation in Congress, which is already aroused by the American defeat over Article 19. The Italians, never quite reconciled since the downfall of Mussolini to the idea of being a second-class power, decided that they wanted the post for their honor-hungry foreign minister, Amintore Fanfani. The Yugoslavs, who have begun to lose a good bit of the prestige they have so carefully cultivated, then proposed one of Tito's chief lieutenants, Koca Popovic. No, said the West Europeans; they could more easily swallow an Italian; and would it not be fitting to have a Catholic president greet the Pope; and anyway, could the East Europeans really accept as their representative a revisionist Yugoslav? The Yugoslavs replied that the election of Popovic would be a splendid demonstration of the reality of peaceful coexistence. Apparently not. The Yugoslavs lost. Fanfani has chosen.

But the dominating presence here, I repeat, is the absent presence – China, which in the minds of many delegates has displaced Russia as the second greatest world power and as the chief antagonist of the United States. And onto this stage now steps a unique visitor, Pope Paul. A one-day round trip flight from Rome, a car trip through the streets of New York, a speech at the General Assembly, Holy Mass in Yankee Stadium – all covered by color television. And in this moment of lost illusions, cynical realism, collapse of ideologies, decay of alliances, who can say that a witness for the world's oldest ideology, religion, will not capture the imagination of hundreds of millions all over the world?

PHILIP BEN

Who Will Save the Hudson, and How?

Last year residents of Westchester and Putnam counties in New York for the first time in 20 years elected a Democrat, Richard Ottinger, to sit in Congress and help save them from the ravages of their Governor. These two counties, extending 50 miles up the Hudson River from New York City, are usually faithfully Republican, but Nelson Rockefeller infuriated them by supporting Consolidated Edison Co. in its plan to build a large hydroelectric project on the face of Storm King Mountain, a big hill at the northern end of the Highlands of the Hudson. The Highlands are a charming stretch of untrammeled river gorge and the prospect of letting the electric power business in made people mad. And their fury reached a peak when the company revealed its plans for stringing transmission lines through the towns and villages down to the city limits. By putting the state behind this project, finally licensed by the Federal Power Commission, Rockefeller lifted conservation in Westchester to the position civil rights occupies in Mississippi.

Ottinger opposed the Storm King project, and promised to fight in Congress to save the rest of the lower Hudson from spoilation. Subsequently, he sponsored a bill that would turn the river between the Highlands and New York City limits into a national scenic riverway. The Secretary of Interior would work closely with the state and local officials on a plan for protective zoning. The plan would take effect if 75 percent of the affected communities approved. If the state sought to override the localities the Interior Department would have both the authority and money to take "scenic easements" along the river banks. Land ownership would not be disturbed, but its use would be restricted to prevent industrialization. The owner would be reimbursed for his losses. Interior also would get authority to determine what federal projects could be carried out within the riverway confines. In effect, this would mean that the electric power interests would have to plead before the Interior Department, and not the more sympathetic Federal Power Commission.

This must have been a particularly unpleasant business for Rockefeller since his family always has been highly regarded among conservationists, and now the government was being asked to make an example of slothful administration in his home state with a gubernatorial election coming in 1966.

As a result of the Con Edison dispute, Rockefeller moved off on several different tacks to recover lost ground. For one thing he got the Democratic-controlled state legislature to pass an imaginative water pollution

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

program. New laws stiffen enforcement procedure, and provide industry with tax incentives. This November voters will be asked to approve a $1 billion bond issue to finance 60 percent of the cost of municipal sewage treatment plants throughout the state. The localities would have to put up the other 40 percent. The Governor hopes to get the federal government to pay back half of the $1 billion over the next 20 years or so. But available federal funds are insufficient at the moment, and rather than wait for passage of another law, Rockefeller took a gamble and "pre-financed" a federal share so building could begin at once. This certainly is the boldest move by any state on water pollution, and the Governor has been praised all around for his plan. Recently he grudgingly agreed to a federal pollution conference on the Hudson River, to take place this week which should lend added impetus to the pollution clean-up.

Rockefeller tried to offset the Ottinger proposal by getting the state legislature to create a Hudson River Valley Commission, which by next February is meant to come up with plans for preserving a corridor running the whole length of the river. But the state Commission's authority is limited. It has no power to set aside land threatened by industrial development. Rather it hopes through persuasion to keep unwanted industries away. For instance, Central Hudson Gas & Electric Co. is planning to build a second hydroelectric project in the Hudson Highlands in the early 1970s, and the Commission staff has vague hopes that by involving company officials in planning preparations, they may be persuaded to forget it.

Suspicions about the Governor's intentions along the Hudson increased recently when the state announced it would build an expressway down the east side of the river from Beacon to New York. Towns and villages set up a wail. Ottinger got Stewart Udall to promise he would try to get federal road funds withheld until Congress had a chance to deliberate on the Ottinger bill. In the midst of the furor, the state dropped its plans for a portion of the roadway.

It is unlikely that anything much will get done on the Hudson unless the state and federal government are pulled together in a joint planning scheme. While the Governor talks nostalgically of state sovereignty, the federal presence in the state is, of course, enormous. The Federal Power Commission has the final say in licensing hydroelectric projects. The Atomic Energy Commission controls the placing of nuclear power plants. The Bureau of Roads must approve plans before federal funds can be supplied to construct highways. The urban renewal people, Army Corps of Engineers, Agriculture and Interior Departments all have authority in various parts of the river valley.

If the Governor's pollution bond issue passes this November, that will give him something to talk about in next year's election. And if he can get federal officials to assist his state commission in laying out and financing a plan for the Hudson River valley, he will be in a position to take a good deal of credit for an idea originally put forward by Ottinger. Ottinger, of course, won't stand still for this. He too faces re-election, and wants credit for his own work. Udall, who speaks for the Administration on the Hudson issue, has stood stoutly behind Ottinger, and he has taken care to insure the Congressman's interests are protected in dealing with the Governor.

Both sides claim they have sought to iron out the political difficulties which lie in the way of bringing the federal government and the state together on the Hudson. Ottinger says he has tried without success to coordinate his work with Rockefeller. Rockefeller says he put forward a scheme whereby concerned members of the cabinet and the Governor of New Jersey could be brought together with himself in a federal-interstate steering committee of the Hudson River Valley Commission. Rockefeller says he proposed his plan to both Udall and the President over lunch at the White House, that both men made approving remarks, which he took as a sign to go ahead. He then wrote letters of invitation to cabinet members, in doing so referring to President Johnson's alleged approval.

A month later he received a letter from Udall rejecting the proposal. Instead Udall suggested the simplest way to accomplish the Governor's intended purpose would be for the state commission to work closely with the federal Recreation Advisory Council – an interdepartmental group that includes most of the cabinet members Rockefeller wants on his steering committee. Its staff is located in the Interior Department.

The federal government, Udall said, would need to look over various bill on the Hudson now pending, and that as negotiations progressed, it would be well to bring in their sponsors.

Rockefeller in turn rejected Udall's proposal, feeling evidently that it represented a move by Ottinger and Robert Kennedy to bring him to heel on their terms. (Mr. Kennedy said he had never even heard of the steering committee proposal). The Governor sent a letter back asking that his plan be reconsidered.

Officials at the Interior Department are furious at what they regard as Rockefeller's crude attempt to make use of an off-hand comment made by the President at a luncheon. And the administration probably now will proceed by ignoring the Governor and making its own study of the Hudson River, independent of his commission. Thus, there will be duplicate studies underway. At this childish pause the matter now rests.

James Ridgeway

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bussing in Boston

by Robert Coles

On June 15th and 16th, 1964, the last two days of the school year, over two hundred children attending the William Lloyd Garrison School in Boston's Negro section of Roxbury were sent home with notices informing their parents that in September they would be attending the William L. P. Boardman school, also located in Roxbury, but in an area of urban renewal undergoing full-scale demolition and reconstruction. This news surprised and angered many parents who knew all too well the terrain their children would have to cross, and do so only to reach an antiquated, thoroughly inadequate building. A number of them talked to one another and eventually resolved to tell the Garrison School's principal of the fear they had for their children's safety.

Their meeting with the principal was the beginning of a long hassle they were to have with the Boston school system. They were nodded on up the bureaucratic ladder until on July 7th they reached the School Committee itself, in Boston an unsalaried elective office often used as a political launching pad. They reminded the Committee that their children were going to overcrowded schools in a slum area, while thousands of empty seats were available elsewhere in the city. Their complaints were taken "under advisement."

As the opening of school approached about a score of parents decided to meet in a home to consider their coming alternatives. Some talked of refusing to enroll the children at the Boardman school. Others wanted to send their children out of Roxbury, but did not know how it could be done. After much talk they agreed that really the fairest move would be an attempt to re-enroll their children at the Garrison school. It was their children's school; some of them had been going to it for 5 years; they would try to keep them there. They were unanimous in rejecting the Boardman school as an alternative.

Their effort failed. They were denied registration by the teachers who were enrolling children in the school auditorium. When the parents refused to leave, the teachers did, taking their records with them. The parents became enraged, and soon their anger turned into a stubborn determination to stay put. Each day they brought their children to the auditorium. The children were divided into small groups, supervised by parents and taught by volunteers hastily assembled from all over the city. For 13 days the auditorium housed between 50 and 100 children divided into several day-long classes.

The parents were not only "sitting-in" with their children, and appealing for volunteers – from students to housewives – to educate them; in mid-July they had sought an injunction to close the Boardman school. Though it was not granted, a hearing was set for September 14th, four days after school opened. On October 1st the hearing in Boston's Superior Court was concluded. The Boardman school was judged safe, the area around it not unduly hazardous for the entry of children. By this time, however, the entire metropolitan region had an opportunity to see, on the front pages of the newspapers and on television, pictures of the school building and its surrounding acreage of fallen timbers, bricks, shattered glass, and building machines.

Perhaps more significant, the public could see the faces of quite poor, quite ordinary Negro mothers and fathers aroused by one insult, one gratuitous act of inconsideration too many. "Why do they always push us around?" a mother asked shyly yet with insistence. "They move our children out of their school, and tell us the last minute, and then we're supposed to take them over to the new school where they can't even hear themselves think, the machines are making so much noise. And there's glass all over to fall and cut yourself, and you practically have to make a path through the mess of the old buildings. And to tell the truth, why didn't they tear down that Boardman school, while they were at it? Did you see what it's like inside? It's dark like the night and everything is old, old, old. I am against this treatment, period." Playing the tape over again, I hear her beginning voice, plaintive and tentative, then the confidence that increased steadily to a final combativeness.

When they learned of the court order and were told they might be arrested for "aiding and abetting truancy" the parents decided upon another tactic. For many decades Boston has had an "open enrollment policy," whereby any child in the city may attend any school outside his neighborhood, provided there are empty seats to be had where he wants to go. They resolved to take advantage of that law and send their children out of Roxbury altogether to the Peter Faneuil school, clear across the city at the foot of Beacon Hill. Though at first they met as parents confronted with a shared affront to themselves and their children, they

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had slowly come to know and rely upon one another. I suppose to get categorical about it they had become "a group," a "community-action oriented" one at that.

Thus drawn together, they chose to keep their children so by sending them on a bus. They were by then calling themselves "The Boardman Parents Group." They elected a chairman, a recording secretary and a treasurer. They agreed upon meetings twice a month at different homes or church centers to discuss such issues as finances, transportation, and the progress of their children's education. Of course in the first place they had to raise money to rent a bus and to obtain a driver for it. With the help of local ministers, civic organizations and civil rights groups they managed to get enough for the first weeks, so that by early October they had ventured across the city, enrolled their children in the Faneuil school, sought out a bus driver, learned where they could rent a bus and done that, arranged the details of parking the bus, and set the time and place of its afternoon departure. For poor people, many of the men jobless, the women on relief, a good number without high school degrees, to accomplish such tasks so quickly and efficiently came frankly as a surprise to me. From the start I had watched them come together, then settle down to work. Once again – it has constantly happened to me – I found myself learning as much about my own prejudices and misconceptions as anything else. These people had guts; they had more initiative and perseverance than I expected. A crisis had brought them together, enabling dormant strengths in them to appear, furnishing a direction for their energies and hopes.

I had studied the psychological adjustment of white and Negro Southern families to desegregation, and with this event in Boston embarked upon a similar study in the North, where the issues of de facto segregation and the attempt to end it by bussing children are becoming as universally difficult and touchy as any racial controversy in the South. All last year I rode the bus with the children, also visiting them and their parents at home. (I have just begun doing so again this year.) As in the South, I am trying to find out not only how Negro children from the ghetto get along in the all white or nearly all white schools to which they are bussed, but how white children and teachers come to terms with children whom one blonde six-year-old girl described as "the colored visitors from way over far where we don't go."

We all meet and take our places in the bus between 8:00 and 8:15. The bus driver keeps the bus parked near his home, and drives it each morning to a corner convenient to many of the children. A few have to walk for 10 or 15 minutes to reach the bus, and some others are picked up by the bus on its way to school. The driver is a bright, well-spoken Negro in his fifties; he can be stern yet when necessary kind, the perfect person for the job. The bus carries about 35 of us, more or less from day to day. The children are from six to eleven. Some are neatly and attractively dressed, while others in a glance could be spotted as poor, sorely ignored or rejected at home.

We start in a once prosperous neighborhood, now fast crumbling. Conventional churches have yielded to pentecostal ones. On the first part of the ride we pass by the Boardman school, surrounded by evidence of urban renewal activity, buildings going up or coming down. Sometimes I manage to forget myself and look at the world as the children do, seeing the present reality of decayed tenements and shabby stores. In other moments I cannot banish the comparative memories of my own childhood, when my parents would drive me into Boston along the same route the bus now travels. Then, a quarter of a century ago, the buildings were sound and attractive, the faces of their inhabitants white, the stores new. I told that to a 10-year-old Negro boy one day as we rode along and he replied: "Cities must be like dogs, they live faster and they die before you know it."

Out of the Ghetto

In the middle of the trip we plunge into Boston's South End, often riding under the dark, noisy shelter of still-used elevated railroad tracks. Even though it is early in the morning, the skid row derelicts are out, the sidewalks full of sad, dazed and lonely people. The alleyways visible to us reveal the city's worst slums – buildings done for, streets littered, stray dogs and cats as invariable as the garbage they attend. "Why doesn't the city clean these places the way they do the ones that have the hotels on them?" a boy asked his friend one day as we left the ghetto, crossed over the Massachusetts Turnpike and rode through the elegance – fading or mellow, depending upon your point of view – of Back Bay.

The children came to know the Beacon Hill area well during the year. For one thing, their school was located at the foot of the hill. Yet, before the bus reached its destination we invariably moved along the foot of the hill in heavy traffic, so that the sight of antique shops and fancy food stores, the stylish restaurants, bars and houses could all be taken in. The children did so, too, beyond a doubt. I wondered for a while whether they were too absorbed in themselves, in the fun and games they generated inside the bus, to see what was about us as we drove on. A child would bring me up short by commenting on a change of display in a store, a

Robert Coles, MD, *is a research psychiatrist at the Harvard Health Service, and a consultant for the Southern Regional Council. He has maintained a private practice of child psychiatry.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

new billboard sign, a bed of flowers in fresh bloom. Or there would be questions: why the doorman in a hotel, or the prevalence of strange small cars unlike any they had ever seen? Almost all the children, I eventually learned, had never before been out of the ghetto, and their curiosity about the rest of the city to this day has not been sated. Indeed, by the time our bus pulls up near their school its eager passengers have already had a rather extensive lesson in urban sociology.

How have they managed their more proper education, embarked upon for the first time with white children? I am right in the middle of my work with these children and some of their white classmates; thus only more observation over the coming months will reveal how these children consolidate – or fail to – the psychological and educational experience of school desegregation. On the other hand, after a year, it must be said that these children are studying as they never have before. They are showing enormous pride in their studies and generally doing excellent work. Many of them have markedly improved their grades, and their earnest, dutiful willingness to do "homework," even seek out extra instruction from volunteer college students has surprised their parents. "My son has gone through a personality change; he has become a fire-ball professor," the mother of a nine-year-old boy observed.

Moreover, the Negro children have come to know white children for the first time, and the Negro and white parents have met at school meetings. Much of what I am now seeing in the children of both races is quite similar to what I saw in the elementary schools of New Orleans: Once again I hear Negro boys and girls express both their desire to be friendly with white children and their fear of them, and once again I hear white children speak the prejudices of their parents, then go on to reveal their own, contradictory friendliness with one or another Negro classmate.

"I'll Take Georgia. It's More Honest."

There can be no question that in a year's time the children of the two races have come closer together. When our bus first came in the morning and pulled away in the afternoon the white children watched silently if with evident curiosity. As time wore down distrust, fear or plain shyness, friendships developed that ignored race, and toward the end of the year white children would wait for the bus in the morning and escort Negro children to it in the afternoon. They also spoke their envy to the Negroes: "I wish I could get a ride like you do every day," said a girl who lived a block from the school to a Negro girl. The white girl was promptly invited to ride back to Roxbury one afternoon by a girl somewhat ashamed of her home, but proud of her bus. Whatever the academic achievement of these Negro children proves to be, the social and psychological confidence gained in one year by crossing the city on a bus is obvious.

Moreover, with each month's observation of white children I realize how critically important it is to understand *their* moods and attitudes. We sometimes forget that for our children the civil rights struggle has an immediacy, a fresh relevance, hard for older people to comprehend. Just as Negro children all over the country have defied their parents to participate in demonstrations, many white children are ready to stake out their unique generational claim to the solution of the civil rights problem. A white boy I am now interviewing put it this way: "My mother said when she was in school the Negroes were all in the South End; but now they're coming everywhere in the city, so it's different; and she asks me what's happening at school, and I tell her not to worry, we know how to behave."

The issue of bussing figures all over the North in the Negro's struggle to end his apartness from the rest of the nation's life. It is ironic that bussing, once considered by educators a valuable way to consolidate and strengthen rural school districts, now emerges as a bitterly fought source of "harm" in the cities. Some 400,000 children are bussed annually in Massachusetts simply that they may go to the school they desire, or the nearest one available. In Boston many children were routinely bussed last year at city expense for one or another administrative or educational reason. Yet, when Negro parents in Boston show how terribly overcrowded their children's schools are, and request that they be carried elsewhere, to undercrowded schools, they are told that bussing is educationally harmful, some even say hurtful to the child's health. "In the South they just say they don't want us," one Negro mother recently told me, "but up here they give us that lie about how worried they are for our children to take the bus when they can just walk around the corner and be packed in a sardine can. I'll take Georgia. It's more honest."

She is not, however, going back to Georgia, though what she is doing in many ways reminds me of what many Negroes are doing in Georgia. She is becoming stubbornly and even feverishly involved in making sure that her children have a life markedly different from any their ancestors have known. When the Boston schools opened this year the results of her activity, of activity on the part of many others like her, were rather strikingly apparent. During the summer these parents met repeatedly. They talked of the coming year, and explored ways of again raising money. They also talked to friends, relatives, and neighbors, spreading the word of their own success – they are unabashedly proud of it – and their children's new sense of purpose. Working alongside them have been college students, youths with impressive day in and day out dedication. (Some picture these students as impulsively

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

responsive to such circumscribed "dramatic" situations as a week in Selma or a summer in Mississippi, ignoring long months of patient, thoughtful neighborhood work put out by many of them – the tutoring by undergraduates, the advice by medical students, the legal aid by young lawyers, the help, encouragement and example furnished by divinity students scornful of old pieties and hungry for a faith that is relevant.)

By late August it was clear that a major crisis was facing the city, as the School Committee refused to support its own Superintendent's wish to bus some 500 Negro children to white schools outside the ghetto. (As we in the South saw again and again, it takes blind and stupid opposition sometimes to achieve change. Bull Connor of Birmingham and Sheriff Jim Clark of Selma are two of history's all-time integrationists.) When that happened the outraged Negro community responded quickly. By early September Negro parents in overcrowded schools were encouraged to answer the politicians by following the example of the Boardman Parents. "Organize like we did and get a bus on your own, I must have told it to a million people today," one of them said at a meeting just before school opened. "Operation Exodus" it is now called. On the first day of school hundreds of Negro parents took their children all over the city in buses rented by themselves and their friends, thereby also taking many in the city by surprise and commanding the continuing attention of a wide audience, including state and federal officials.

The Boardman Parents are jubilant at the prospect of their direction being followed. They also have become alarmed. "We had better watch out, or we'll become just like all the other groups of parents. We're a year older than them, and we should keep on our own for a while, because we have different problems from the ones they have. We went through theirs *last year*; and next year we might be able to help them on the things we're facing now." When I heard that I felt like stopping the tape recorder. A chapter in survival was over, and one in leadership about to begin.

The Speechmaker

Senator Fulbright as the Arkansas de Tocqueville

by Andrew Kopkind

For his troubles in detailing the errors of US foreign policy, Senator J. William Fulbright has been rewarded with a congressional resolution compounding the error and doubling his troubles. A few days after Fulbright delivered a characteristically long, intelligent, and eloquent condemnation of American intervention in the Dominican revolution, the House of Representatives passed (312 to 52) a sentimental endorsement of armed intervention anywhere in Latin America in the event of "subversive domination or the threat of it." The rebuke had the tacit approval of the State Department and bipartisan support of the House leadership.

It is not unusual for Fulbright to find himself on the short side of a six-to-one vote, and in his own way he derives a certain moral superiority from being a minority of one. "More than a hundred years ago, Alexis de Tocqueville warned us . . . of the dangers that might be expected from the 'tyranny of the majority.' . . . This is the tyranny that presently is growing in our country," Fulbright said in a doom-laden speech on McCarthyism 11 years ago. Last week, privately, he repeated the same phrase, and predicted the same doom. He made his Senate speech not as a political leader but as an elder statesman-without-portfolio, an Arkansas de Tocqueville whose job it is not to make policy but to report it, and by reporting, influence in some small way its future course.

He has no taste for the heat of battle or the pitch of crisis. "At this time of relative calm," his speech began, "it is appropriate, desirable and, I think, necessary to review events in the Dominican Republic and the US role in those events. The purpose of such a review – and its only purpose – is to develop guidelines for wise and effective policies in the future." Fulbright removed himself as much as he could from the onus of personal criticism: President Johnson's decision to send 20,000 troops to Santo Domingo was understandable under the circumstances. There were "no easy choices. Nonetheless, it is the task of diplomacy to make wise decisions when they need to be made and US diplomacy failed to do so in the Dominican crisis."

The blame could not be placed on the President but

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was laid squarely to the sources of information: the CIA, State Department intelligence, and US Embassy officials in Santo Domingo. The lack of reliable information – it was "inadequate" and "inaccurate" – gets congressional leaders off the hook, too. Fulbright and the usual collection of senators and representatives concerned with foreign policy were called to the White House during the crisis, told the President's plans, and, in effect, asked to ratify the decision to intervene. They offered no opposition, either because they agreed with the President, or (like Fulbright, perhaps uniquely) they had no independent source of information on which to base any instinctive doubts.

Fulbright got the opposite of help from the White House. "The whole affair . . ." Fulbright said, "has been characterized by a lack of candor." He was told at the White House that hundreds or thousands of American lives were in danger, and that the protection of these compatriots was the reason for intervention. Later, he said, he knew that it was not exactly the case: "The danger to American lives was more a pretext than a reason for the massive US intervention," he said. "The United States intervened in the Dominican Republic for the purpose of preventing the victory of a revolutionary force which was judged to be Communist dominated."

There was no doubt about whose bad judgment it was. Fulbright conceived the Dominican episode as a "classic study" of policy-making with the "inevitability of a Greek tragedy." The antagonist was the American ambassador in Santo Domingo, W. Tapley Bennett. It was he who refused to help the supporters of deposed President Bosch when they pleaded for a US "presence" on April 25, the second day of the revolution, and it was he who refused US mediation on April 27, when the rebels sought a negotiated settlement.

Full Speed Ahead

Instead, Bennett seemed intent on helping the military junta stay in power. General Wessin y Wessin shot off a telegram to Washington accusing his opponents of being Communists. A quick check could only turn up three Communists, and Wessin was told that the reasons for intervention were not good enough. Only a threat to American lives would bring American troops. Several minutes later, thus prompted, Wessin discovered a threat to American lives. That was all that was needed; the troop ships were already speeding towards Santo Domingo. It did not take long to see just how exaggerated the danger was; in fact, no American lives were lost until the marines landed. But by that time, someone found 55, or 58, or 77 verifiable Communists, some of them alive and some of them dead, some of them in the country and some of them out, some of them pro-Castro, some pro-Peking, and some pro-Moscow, who could be associated with the revolution. Association soon became "control," and the US had to put the country under military command.

Fulbright slowly amassed these facts in six weeks and 13 sessions of secret Foreign Relations Committee hearings this summer, to which almost every Administration official concerned with the intervention was invited. A great many came. McGeorge Bundy politely refused. Ambassador Bennett testified and was asked about those telegrams from General Wessin y Wessin; Bennett did not remember the episode, off hand. Other witnesses had better memories. Fulbright was well-prepared; the Committee staff is one of the best in Congress, and it organized surveys and chronologies of the crisis from a wide variety of sources. So much so, in fact, that opponents of Fulbright thought they detected some kind of conspiracy. "Someone had prepared a sheaf of cards, I should say one-and-a-half inches thick," Senator Lausche reported darkly of the hearings. "When the witnesses appeared, the questions on the cards were systematically asked. One question was read, and the card was turned over. Then the second question was read, and the third." The giveaway was the systematizing. Lausche was not alone in catching it.

One of six "criteria" Senator Dodd has for telling an out-and-out Communist revolution from the other kind is the systematic "pattern of the revolt itself." In his long speech opposing Fulbright, Dodd said, "Spontaneous revolutions, guided by indignant nationalists, are invariably characterized by a certain amount of bungling and amateurism. But the Dominican revolt was characterized, instead, by the highest degree of precision and professionalism."

The core of Fulbright's case was that the revolution was not controlled by Communists, even if it attracted Communist supporters:

"The Administration . . . assumed almost from the beginning that the revolution was Communist-dominated, or would certainly become so, and that nothing short of forcible opposition could prevent a Communist takeover. In their apprehension lest the Dominican Republic become another Cuba, some of our officials seem to have forgotten that virtually all reform movements attract some Communist support, that there is an important difference between Communist support and Communist control of a political movement, that it is quite possible to compete with the Communists for influence in a reform movement rather than abandon it to them, and, most important of all, that economic development and social justice are themselves the primary and most reliable security against Communist subversion."

From the evidence gathered at the hearings – at

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which all witnesses, with the exception of former Gov. Luis Muñoz Marin of Puerto Rico, were in the Administration – Fulbright concluded that the charge of Communist control of the revolution does not stick. The motive behind US intervention was a new dedication to preserve the status quo in Latin America against all revolutionary forces about which there is any suspicion of political instability. What happened between the coup against President Bosch in September, 1963, and the attempted return of Bosch's party, the PRD, in April, 1965, was a shift to the right in American foreign policy, notably towards Latin America. Fulbright saw American policy-makers increasingly preoccupied with the anti-communist credentials to the exclusion of all other aspects of their roles.

The springs of the rightward surge were not clear. Fulbright senses an unwillingness on the part of State Department officials to take chances with the Latin American Left after the dreadful experience of William Wieland, who fought for five years to regain his security clearance as a US foreign service officer after he had the misfortune to be on the Cuba desk during Castro's accession to power. No doubt Fulbright believes Ambassador Bennett and a raft of lesser officials have Wieland's example before them.

More important, Fulbright thinks, is the loss of genuine commitment to social change which inspired Kennedy's policy, haphazard as it was, towards the Latin countries. Now, policy planners seem to conceive America's interest more mechanistically, as a matter of who's with us and who's not. That sounds very tough-minded, but it is often simple-minded: such a policy misses the long view of history as the politics of change. Fulbright sees the national interest coinciding more than casually with the revolutionary forces at work in the Hemisphere.

His world-view is an ever-changing, subtly shifting abstraction, a mixture of *Realpolitik* and idealism unbetrayed by the demands of crisis politics. He is not obsessed by a fear of Communism; he is more worried at the moment about anti-Communism! He detests sentimentalism in foreign policy, on the part of the Left as well as the Right. He harks back to the mythological basis of America's conduct of foreign affairs. In his first Senate speech, in March, 1945, he began, "Myths are one of the greatest obstacles in the formulation of national policy." His famous speech last year concerned "old myths and new realities." He is convinced that America is captive of what he calls "the obsession with Communism," and that is inevitably destructive.

"We are not, as we like to claim in Fourth of July speeches, the most truly revolutionary nation on earth," Fulbright said in his Senate speech. "We are . . . much closer to being the most unrevolutionary nation on earth." Later he added, "If any group or any movement with which the Communists associate themselves is going to be automatically condemned in the eyes of the United States, then we have indeed given up all hope of guiding or influencing even to a marginal degree the revolutionary movements and the demands for social change which are sweeping Latin America."

Papa Knows Best

He is willing to go far in his analysis of US policy, but he stops short of the most unthinkable thought of all. A real Communist revolution in Latin America would provide grounds for American intervention. He hopes that there are viable "democratic Left" forces available to fulfill revolutionary missions, but if there are none, as there very well may not be in many countries, Fulbright is not at all sure he could stomach one or two or four more Castroite regimes in the Western Hemisphere. And yet that seems to be a necessary corollary of his speech. He may be right about the "essential legitimacy" of the Dominican revolution, that is, its derivation from Bosch and the PRD. On the other hand, he may be wrong; the difference between his position and his opponents' on that central issue is one of method, not of philosophy. Dedication to social change and revolutionary reform means accepting nasty consequences along with beneficial ones. It requires an extremely narrow definition of "threat to the national interest." The relationship between nations must be one of equality, and intervention conceived only as a last resort when there is a clear threat and imminent danger. Fulbright still clings, perhaps unconsciously, to a paternalistic approach to Latin America. In his view, what papa knows best is left-of-center social reform. That is much better than most American papas will admit, but it may not be enough.

Fulbright's speech was the best on any subject made on the floor of the Senate during this session. It was clear, elegantly styled, and subtly intellectual. It was also received with towering hostility, by many of Fulbright's Senate (and Committee) colleagues, and in much of the press. The White House is said to have responded with predictable unhappiness. The best that was heard from the Administration was the guarded comment of one aide – not at all in the inner circle – who ventured the opinion that he was "glad the speech was made."

But it is the measure of Fulbright's role in the Senate that his friends, as much as his enemies, were critical. He is the archetypal loner, the most anti-club of all the senators. He is stuck with an unwieldly (19 members) Committee which he assumes is stacked against him. He may be right; it seems to be a question of how one counts the members. Fulbright counts them very much

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

against him, at least as they stand in their pristine ignorance. Other members think that with pressure and tutoring, a majority of the 13 Democrats, and perhaps of the entire Committee, could be welded into a cohesive opinion bloc with a consistent point of view. It would require only minor compromise on Fulbright's part, but a great deal of effort and charm.

Fulbright apparently wants to expend little of either. He begins with an idea of the futility, if not exactly the inappropriateness, of Senate participation in specific matters of foreign policy. Crises are for executives. He admits that a strong leader could galvanize a willing Foreign Relations Committee and perhaps influence policy decisions, but at the same time he knows that he is not that man.

Neither are his Committee fellows. Immediately under Fulbright is Senator Sparkman, then Senator Mansfield, then Senators Morse, Russell Long, Gore – and so on. The ranking Republican is Senator Hickenlooper. The truth is that there are no Borahs or Cabot Lodges (Senior, of course) available, and there is no one to lead the Senate in foreign affairs in a way which might even approach the authority of the Johnson Administration.

One Man Show

Some wish that Fulbright would try, but he will not. He did not attempt to get a report of the Committee on the Dominican investigation. One of his friends on the Committee asked him to see about a majority and minority report (he might have won more than half the Democrats to his side), and muttering something about "bipartisan" and "impossible," Fulbright let the suggestion go by. Only the loyal Senator Clark, among his Committee friends, was on hand in the Senate to support his position. He is not worried by the dire predictions of his banishment from the White House. His influence there is already severely circumscribed, both because of the divergence of his and the President's views, and also because the President wants very much to run his own show; the executive department advisors are part of his show, but the legislators are definitely not. Even with President Kennedy, with whom Fulbright was on quite good terms, his voice was small. Fulbright's brilliant Cuban Memorandum, submitted shortly before the Bay of Pigs invasion, was not heeded. Neither was his argument to the invasion planners on the eve of the crisis. Arthur Schlesinger says, in his memoirs, that he was the only one in the White House planning session who shared Fulbright's doubts. Maybe the President did, too.

The more Fulbright looks at the possibilities for effectively influencing policy decisions, the more he is overcome with that sense of futility. It is almost an existential anguish; he periodically wonders (sometimes in public, on the floor of the Senate) whether he ought not, after all, resign as chairman of the Committee and be done with it. He is restrained by a sense of responsibility and a sense of history, which amount to the same thing. His speeches seem to be prepared for instant anthologizing; they are addressed to Posterity as much as to the Chair.

His friends say that he is inclined to moments of petulance, which are sometimes visible. Last spring, he announced that he was through with foreign aid bills until they were put on a more rational basis. He favored authorization terms longer than one year (so that the President would not have the drain of a yearly appropriation fight) and moves toward institutionalizing aid in international funds. Fulbright knows that the "ingratitude" of aid recipients, which shows up in the burnings of libraries and the stonings of embassies, grows out of the unbridgeable hostility between the giver and the getter. "Shakespeare said it," Fulbright says snappishly, "loan loses both itself and friend."

But by the end of the session, Fulbright was back at his post, managing the foreign aid bill in the Senate. He tried to get other Committee members – Morse, Sparkman, Church – to take it over, and for their own good reasons they refused. Fulbright even caved in on the two-year authorization clause in an extended conference with House members. He did not have the power to pull it off.

Fulbright's constituency, of course, is far wider than the boundaries of Arkansas. It includes much of liberal intellectual America, and more than that, educated opinion in most of the non-Communist world. Most Latin Americans in Washington last week were overjoyed at Fulbright's speech. One of the most important political leaders in South America sent him a telegram of warm congratulations. Fulbright hopes that his consistent opposition to US military adventure can keep American prestige alive in Latin America, something like Labour's opposition to Suez kept Britain's prestige viable, if barely so, in the Middle East, against that distant day when new policies could be formulated. Similarly, de Gaulle's repudiation of France's long-held Algerian policy made it seem as if it were never held at all.

America as a political monolith is a more dangerous image to project than a picture of America riven with dissent, Fulbright thinks. The White House, of course, is terrified that the world will overestimate the importance of the dissenting opinions, and doubt the Administration resolve. Fulbright has no such nightmares.

It is all very simple for him. He went to some hearings, reviewed the record, wrote a speech with the help of his staff, and gave it one day to a near-empty Senate. Almost that simple: he did put it off for about

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

three weeks while the provisional government of Hector Garcia Godoy was installed in Santo Domingo. Then, when there was absolutely no chance of having any effect on current events, he unwound.

He cannot understand what the fuss is all about. Journalists buzz around his office searching for hidden meanings and unrecorded connections. What is Fulbright up to? Did he really mean *Vietnam* when he was saying *Dominican Republic*? (He did make one oblique reference to Vietnam in his speech; he wondered why the US is so eager to keep "more ambiguous and less formal promises" made to Saigon and yet willing to disregard formal commitments to the Organization of American States and the Rio Treaty.) Is he bitter because he was passed over for Secretary of State? Is he frustrated by the voting demands on a Southern senator (not only against voting rights this year, but also against such liberal measures as increased minimum wage and Home Rule for the District of Columbia)? His claim to represent a revolutionary spirit for social reform is seriously, if understandably flawed. Perhaps an awareness of the inconsistency of his political behavior makes his outbursts more vivid.

Fulbright advises all doubters to apply Occam's Razor. The simple explanation is the true. He only *appears* to be a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma. He is really an uncomplicated Rhodes Scholar from Arkansas interested in the price of chickens and international relations.

His own theory to explain the extraordinary outcry which followed the Senate speech has to do with the constructions of consensus politics, as well as the sensitivity to criticism generated by the continuing foreign crisis. He is not alone in worrying about the anti-Communist hysteria which seems to be building up again in the US, as it did during the Korean War. That, too, followed a period of mild liberal non-conformity, something like the early 1960's. Senator Fulbright's speeches were heard then in lofty condemnation of McCarthyism. As always, they were cool, sensible, and well-reasoned. This time, it may take more than speech-making to set things right.

An End to Soviet Censorship?

Someday, Perhaps, But Not Now

by Abraham Brumberg

Moscow, it has been reported in *The New York Times*, is embarking upon a "fundamentally new information policy." *The Washington Post* has informed its readers that "the traditional practice of Soviet press and radio censorship" has now been "attacked" by the Communist Party itself, and that henceforth Soviet listeners will "start getting full . . . versions of world events." I suggest these reports are premature.

To be sure, the situation is not the same as it was in the Soviet Union over a decade ago. Yet for all the progress, the basic Soviet attitude towards truth has not changed. To bring about a genuinely "fundamental" change, the Party would have to come to grips with its own past – that is, to tell the whole story of the Stalin era, rather than to offer selective disclosures, all carefully aimed at exonerating the present leadership from complicity in their predecessors' crimes. It would have to inform its people about the true nature of the Sino-Soviet conflict, and of the decline of Moscow's prestige in the international Communist movement. It would have to reveal the truth about the country's economic fiascos and political infighting, and it would be obliged to permit its intellectuals to create freely rather than to keep them forever on a leash.

The treatment accorded to Khrushchev provides a test. The new Party histories contain scarcely a reference to the former First Secretary. And the new edition of the 1965 desk calendar lists, on the page for April 17 (Khrushchev's birthday), a speech by Lenin and – to add malice to injury – a poem denouncing the penchant for high-sounding phrases. In the speeches

Abraham Brumberg *is the editor of* Problems of Communism.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

commemorating the 20th anniversary of the end of World War II, Khrushchev's name wasn't mentioned. Some of Stalin's victims have now been posthumously rehabilitated, but the recent past is constantly reburied.

More recent evidence (that is, since the publication of the article in *Kommunist* on which the optimistic *Times* and *Post* dispatches were based) of how the Soviet communication media handle world events is no more encouraging. The Soviet agreement on July 12 to the American proposal to resume disarmament negotiations, for instance, was kept secret from the Soviet public until July 23. Subsequent reports were meager and tendentious. More indicative was Moscow's coverage of the 7th World Peace Congress, held early in July in Helsinki. The speeches of the Chinese delegates, as strongly anti-American as they were anti-Soviet, have not been published in Soviet newspapers. The Albanian radio informed its listeners that "during the speech of the Albanian delegate, the members of the Soviet delegation tried to interrupt his speech . . . started to shout and to make noise," and then, when their request that the Albanian be forced to step down was refused, "left the hall, together with the members of the Indian delegation." No such details (which were confirmed by Reuters) were provided over Moscow's wavelength. Soviet listeners were told that the Albanian representatives made "slanderous attacks on the delegations of other countries" which "aroused legitimate indignation" and were "strongly rebuffed." Only in one home broadcast (but not in the press) was there an allusion to the Soviet walkout. Nor has the Soviet radio or press taken note of the fact that some members of the US delegation at the Peace Congress voted against the resolution on Vietnam.

Los Angeles Riots

But the sharpest example of disrespect for truth has been the Soviet treatment of the racial tragedy in Los Angeles last month. With the Vietnam crisis in the air, and with the need to prove its own "revolutionary vigilance," the Soviet press released a stream of vituperation that easily matches the anti-American campaigns of the Stalin era. Not a word has been said about the looting, the indiscriminate knifings, beatings and arson in Los Angeles. No distinctions have been drawn between the hoodlums and the frustrated yet under ordinary circumstances law-abiding elements who had found themselves swept by the frenzy of anti-"Whitey" animosity. The events in Watts simply spelled "an insurrection of the proletariat against the oppression by the majority, against the police who protect the interests of millionaires and multimillionaires of Southern California." "Streets in the Negro district are running with the blood of civil rights champions," is how one radio commentator described the situation on August 16. Abuse has been poured on President Johnson for his denunciation of the riots. "One thing is beyond doubt," said Moscow Radio on August 21, "this statement showed that Negroes are not needed by anyone in America, and that no one will intercede for them." And a day later: "The entire apparatus of a capitalist state – the police, the troops, courts, jail, arbitrary rule, illegality – are all used for racial intolerance. Los Angeles is proof of this, as is President Johnson's statement to the press in which he openly sided with the murderers of Los Angeles citizens."

So much, then, for some recent examples of how the Soviets report the news. What, finally, of the *Kommunist* article which furnished the ostensible clue to a shift in Moscow's information policy? Its title is "Anti-Sovietism – One of the Principal Trends in the Ideology of Contemporary Capitalism." It runs to approximately 7,000 words, the vast bulk of which is devoted to a spirited refutation of what is being written, broadcast, and taught about the Soviet Union in the West. Only four or five paragraphs contain lines that might be construed to presage a new approach to news reporting: a complaint that "some" Soviet newspapers and radio stations "are frequently lacking in information and adequate commentary," and a plea for a prompter reaction to world events. Nor is there much comfort in the inevitable scriptural reference – Lenin's assertion that Communists are strong only "when the masses know everything, when they may judge everything by themselves, and accept everything with complete awareness." For wasn't it Lenin who signed the decree of November 7, 1917, abolishing freedom of the press – a decree that is still on the Soviet statute books today?

For a programmatic piece proclaiming the need for truth and punctiliousness, the editorial is full of foolish half-truths. Thus the work of some Western scholars (e.g., Brzezinski and Huntington in their *Political Power: USA/USSR*) that examines the social and economic processes in both capitalist and "socialist" societies with a view to determining whether a "convergence" of both systems is taking place is dismissed as an attempt, first, "to describe the vices of capitalism as the . . . result of the development of contemporary productive forces . . . and, secondly, to ascribe the same vices to socialism." Western economists interested in the new emphasis on profitability in Soviet economic planning are rebuked for forgetting that the profit motive in capitalist societies is one thing ("exploitation of man by man"), while in socialist societies it is altogether different ("increasing the well-being of all the people"). The same economists who are criticized for equating trends in both societies, are also blamed for doing the opposite – for harping on the differences between the two ("individualism" vs. "collectivism").

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What is striking about the *Kommunist* article – and many similar writings that have appeared lately – is their sensitivity about the Soviet image abroad. Since Stalin's death, and particularly since the inception of the "de-Stalinization" drive in 1956, the regular activities of the Agitprop have met with decreasing success, and so every few years Soviet newspapers are flooded with warnings against "bourgeois survivals in the minds of the people" and appeals to improve the ideological morale of the citizenry. For weeks nothing else seems to preoccupy the communication media. The last such campaign took place in 1959-1960. It ran its course, and ended as abruptly as it had begun.

Since the Cuban Fiasco

Five years have elapsed, and if the editorial in *Kommunist* and the current incidence of articles and radio programs on the subject of propaganda is any guide, we are on the verge of another exercise in feverish futility. The reasons are not difficult to fathom. The Cuban fiasco, the growing independence – not to say impudence – of some of the East European countries, the criticism of Soviet policies by once loyal parties in the West, Moscow's inability to muster enough support in its struggle against Peking, Khrushchev's fall, and last but not least the steadily deteriorating economic – and especially agricultural – situation in the USSR – all these factors have had a debilitating influence on the morale of the Soviet population. Recent travellers to Russia have reported growing cynicism of the man on the street and a willingness to voice complaints.

In part, this cynicism is facilitated by the freer communication channels between Russia and the world outside. The opening of these channels (including a halt to the jamming of the Voice of America) has been an integral part of the relaxation of controls, which Khrushchev and his successors deemed necessary in order to rescue the country from the quagmire of Stalinism. Yet once the Curtain has been lifted, if only partially (a step which it would be difficult if not impossible to reverse), its effects must be checked. It is this that explains not only the new indoctrination campaign, but its specific feature – the remarkable sensitivity about everything that is being printed or broadcast about Russia in the West. And it is this, too, that explains *Kommunist's* exhortation to Soviet newspapers to counter the impact of foreign news agencies by publishing their own versions of events more swiftly, and to comment on the "mendacious" versions more effectively. There is a ready-made model for Soviet newspapers to follow – the Russian fortnightly *Beyond the Border*, which reprints selected articles from the foreign press, all with "appropriate" commentaries. These articles are frequently "doctored" – as was the case last year with the *Foreign Affairs* article by Sekou Touré, which was reprinted under the guise of an unabridged translation, but which lacked some passages critical of the USSR.

By way of a postscript, let me mention one relevant item. On August 29, 1960, I published in these pages a piece called "Apropos of Quotation Mongering," in which I deplored the tendency, so common among American politicians, newspapermen, and even occasional scholars, to operate with fictitious quotations from Marx, Lenin, Stalin, *et al.* This piece elicited favorable mention not only by American scholars, but by Communist spokesmen, who seized upon the examples I cited as evidence of the moral decay of "anti-Soviet propaganda" in the United States. The latest of such comments came in a book published some months ago in Moscow by the Academy of the Sciences of the USSR under the title *Peaceful Coexistence and the Crisis of the Foreign Policy Ideology of Imperialism in the USA*. According to its author, I. M. Ivanova, "ideologists of anti-Communism have gone in for embroidering to such an extent that they are chastised even by those who direct and implement anti-Communist propaganda" in the United States – viz., my article in *The New Republic*, to which she devotes a full page in her book, and with copious quotations. The last four lines, moreover, make interesting reading. Here was the conclusion of my article:

"My modest plea is: let us stick to the facts. Much more honest this way, much simpler, and (as the Comrades would put it) – *in the final analysis* – far more effective."

And here is Mme. Ivanova's rendition:

"Not for the sake of illuminating the truth or of honest scholarship does Brumberg unmask the primitive falsifiers, but in the final analysis (these words Brumberg italicized) for the sake of making the falsification more effective."

COMING: *an appraisal of Sorensen's book on John F. Kennedy by Emmet Hughes*

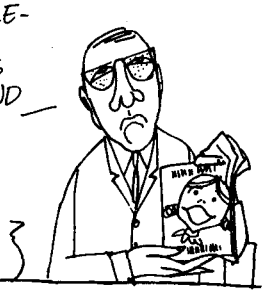
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JULES FEIFFER

GENTLEMEN, IT'S TIME WE AT **CONSOLIDATED POLLUTION** GOT OFF THE DEFENSIVE AND GAVE THE PUBLIC THE **POSITIVE** SIDE OF THE AIR AND WATER POLLUTION STORY.

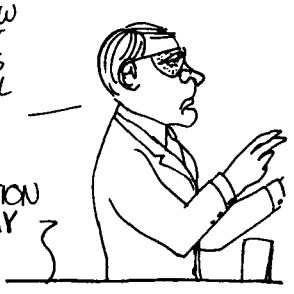
CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP

THE TRUE FACT, GENTLEMEN, IS THAT **MORE POLLUTION** EQUALS **MORE INDUSTRY** AND **MORE INDUSTRY** EQUALS **GREATER GROWTH!** IT'S ALL DOWN HERE IN BLACK AND GRAY IN OUR PUBLIC SERVICE BOOKLET, "POLLUTION: HANDMAIDEN TO AFFLUENCE."



CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP COUGH

GENTLEMEN, YOU SHOW ME A COUNTRY THAT DOESN'T POISON ITS RESOURCES AND I'LL SHOW YOU A **HAVE-NOT NATION!** THE **AMERICAN** ANSWER TO POLLUTION IS NOT TO **RUN AWAY** FROM IT, BUT TO **INVEST** IN IT! MAY I HAVE THE MODEL, PLEASE—



10-3 © 1969 JULES FEIFFER

GENTLEMEN, ON MY HEAD IS THE LIGHT-WEIGHT, EFFICIENT **"CLEAN BREATHER"** FROM OUR NEW LINE OF **PERSONALIZED AIR AND WATER CONDITIONERS!**

WOW! CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP COUGH COUGH

FROM THE WAY THINGS ARE GOING WE AT **CON PUL** HAVE **HIGH** HOPES OF THIS ITEM SOON BECOMING A **MUST** FOR EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD IN THE COUNTRY!

HOORAY! COUGH CLAP COUGH CLAP COUGH COUGH

"POLLUTE WE MUST FOR A BETTER AMERICA."

The Hall Syndicate, Inc.

COUGH COUGH COUGH COUGH COUGH COUGH COUGH COUGH COUGH COU

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Theories of the American Experience

by Lawrence Grauman, Jr.

If contemporary American historians were divided into "lumpers" and "splitters," Daniel Boorstin and Perry Miller would be found at the head of their respective classes. Boorstin has a gift for synthesis, a faculty for discovering the most provocative relations underlying seemingly disparate phenomena. He tries to keep one eye always on the present, so as to yield direct meaning from past experience. Miller, who has an impeccable reputation for keeping both eyes fixed unblinkingly on the past, has long been valedictorian of that class of historians devoted to intellectual discrimination, or what might be called saturation analysis. His prodigious studies of the New England mind are monuments of scholarly dissection and intellectual refinement.

The Americans:
The National Experience
by Daniel J. Boorstin
(Random House; $8.95)
The Life of the Mind in America
by Perry Miller
(Harcourt, Brace & World; $7.50)

Not surprisingly, both Boorstin and Miller have been attacked for pressing their strongest virtues into vices. Boorstin's critics find a continuous foreshortening of the history he treats, an annoying panning from then to now. He has also been criticized on vaguer grounds, which I suspect have something to do with the fact that he writes well. (Many scholars seem to resent those who write well – or at least fear their "facility." Richard Hofstadter, a historian with comparable gifts of synthesis and prose style, seems to worry his colleagues even more than Boorstin, which indicates the resistance that still awaits younger writers who approach history from literature or "American studies.") Perry Miller, on the other hand, is sometimes said to be forbidding. Readers are reluctant to follow him into the innermost complexities of the New England mind, and some of them, even granting his extraordinary achievements in restoring the realities of Puritanism, wish that he had told us less of what the Puritans thought and more of what they felt.

With the publication of these books – Boorstin's latest and Miller's last (he died in 1963) – both men have made interpretive contributions to the cultural history of the United States between the Revolutionary and Civil Wars. But what do we mean by "cultural" history? Do we mean the study of High culture, the formal articulated thought of the finest economic, legal and literary minds of the era, or do we mean Low or Mass culture, the study of popular institutions and folkways? Do we mean social history or intellectual history or both? Boorstin's meaning is clear: he is interested in social history, the development of those popular institutions which enabled Americans to "discover themselves" and their national character. Miller never seemed to have made up his mind.

The Americans is worth the price for the Bibliographical Notes alone: 62 double-columned pages of sheer knowledge, critical writing (frequently livelier than the text) and enough ideas to provide a generation of desperate graduate students with decent thesis topics. But the staggering Bibliography has become a Boorstin trademark, as characteristic as the theory of American experience that dominates his work. That theory, first enunciated in *The Genius of American Politics* and then elaborated in the first volume of this projected series of three, *The Americans: The Colonial Experience,* goes something like this: American experience has been rather like a "happening" in that unpredicted advantages accrued to our early citizens precisely because they had not planned for them; important institutions and innovations were made because they did not know any better. By keeping themselves loose and adaptable, by avoiding the abstract speculative thought of European systems, the "undifferentiated" Americans have built a vital society that works, a society where the unexpected is not only usual but successful. Now Boorstin has added to his earlier study of the undifferentiated Colonial man the idea of an undifferentiated community, one prepared for all possibilities, and the idea of *priority* or simply the superior claim of those who got there first.

The priority principle is an ingenious one, and Boorstin presses its implications with striking results. In two sections devoted to "transients" and "boosters" he traces popular democracy to some sources hardly suspected. The transients, who had created a "democracy of haste" by joining together for the limited purposes of getting somewhere – to Western land claims, gold fields or wherever – safely and fast, became accustomed to majority rule and priority rule in the course of their ordeals: "A rough equality was the product of their experience." The boosters – transients who finally settled down – also stood for the priority principle, the superiority of the rules of the community which existed before the formal government. "The settlement of the West, like so many of the other central events of American history, occurred in an atmosphere of pregnant legal ambiguity." Since it was normal to find communities before government, men in sudden urban proximity, bound together by specific, concrete purposes, felt their common needs first and called governments into being afterwards. "From force of circumstances, then, government became functional." Law and order did not depend on the force or dignity of established governments elsewhere. The priority principle receives its most interesting application in Boorstin's descriptions of the democratic institutions

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that became unique fixtures in the American West: the balloon-frame house, the instant hotel, the spontaneous newspaper, the county seat. The community that created these institutions soonest was the one that flourished; consequently these "upstart" cities of the West were intensely competitive. With an eye on the future, Boorstin observes that:

> "We have been misled by slogans of individualism. Just as the competition among colonial seaboard cities helped diffuse American culture and kept it from becoming concentrated in a European-style metropolis, so the competition among Western upstart cities helped create the booster spirit. . . . Where individual and community prosperity were so intermingled, competition among individuals was also a competition among communities."

Moreover, this democracy of haste and its consequent competitiveness tended to blur old European distinctions between public and private, between the realm of the individual and the realm of the official group:

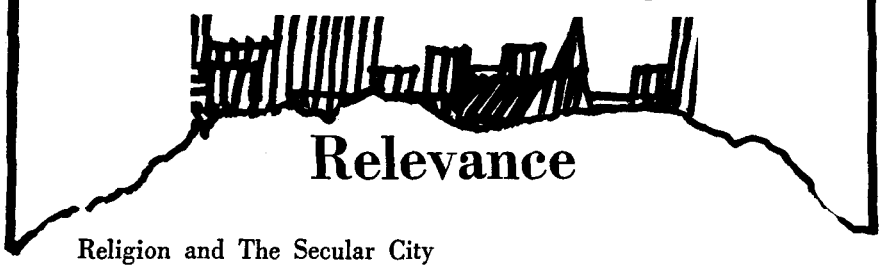
> "Once again the distinction of 'The Man versus The State', which was sharpened in European class wars of the 19th Century, proved irrelevant in America. The supposed chastity of 'private' institutions, and their supposed immunity from government support, which would arouse passion from time to time in the 20th Century, was not founded in the tradition or history of American institutions."

This kind of polemical, topical history is at times a hit-or-miss proposition. When Boorstin hits, when his insights are precise and well developed, he is brilliant. Unfortunately he has a tendency to elaborate instead of develop, he is given to sweeping generalizations, and he has a real fondness for negative absolutes ("Never has a nation . . ."). But he has a remarkable knack for coming up with the right institution, however unknown (the cotton factor), the truly representative character (the New England Ice King, Frederic Tudor; Parson Weems and the fathers of American self-justification) and yet his best work is sometimes his least original, as in his section on Southern life.

Boorstin has joined those historians who have restored slavery as the central institution of "The South," a South that became "the most disasterous oversimplification in American history." While Southerners believed their land unified by its homogeneity, what actually drew it together and made it conscious of itself was its Peculiar Institution, in essence a way not of uniting but of bifurcating "the life, the hopes and the destiny" of the South. Of the uncommercial spirit that grew in the South, the scorn for merchants and bankers from a society supported by large-scale capitalistic agriculture, Boorstin observes that "the South denied itself when it proclaimed that Cotton was King and yet condescended toward those who dealt in cotton. The same blurring of the facts of life appeared in the Southern attitude toward the slavetrader, on whom, too, the Cotton South became increasingly reliant." However he tends to confuse Alabama and Mississippi with Virginia. Most

Volume LXXXII No. 19 August 20, 1965 25 Cents

commonweal



Relevance

Religion and The Secular City
HARVEY COX / DANIEL CALLAHAN

The New Radicals MICHAEL HARRINGTON

After the Council, Then What?
HANS KUNG / MICHAEL NOVAK

JOHN SIMON on Summer Shakespeare:
Mugging the Bard in Central Park

A Priest in Jail JOHN J. HILL

Latin America Reacts DONALD RANSTEAD

Disarmament's Painful Progress NORMA K. HERZFELD

Also: WILLIAM V. SHANNON WILFRID SHEED
JAMES T. FARRELL WILLIAM PFAFF

—in September issues of Commonweal, the weekly review of public affairs, literature and the arts edited by Catholic laymen.

"Predictably unpredictable," says the N.Y. Herald Tribune. "The best Catholic weekly in the world," says Harvey Breit. Try the independent, creative fare of COMMONWEAL. 17 weeks—just two dollars.

17 Issues for $2

COMMONWEAL,
232 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016
Please send the next 17 issues of Commonweal at the special $2 rate offered readers of *The New Republic*, to:

Name

Address

City, State, Zip

☐ I enclose $2 to receive two extra issues free (19 in all).
☐ I prefer 14 full months for the regular one-year subscription price, $8.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the cotton kingdom was a part of the Mississippi Valley and shared the general characteristics of that region. The large majority of planters had begun their lives as small farmers, acquiring more land, more slaves, and more impressive homes by their superior shrewdness and force of will. The cotton kingdom was too short-lived to produce a genuine aristocracy. Down to the Civil War it remained essentially a frontier country, as Boorstin demonstrates elsewhere, and many of those characteristics that so shocked New Englanders should be attributed to the influence of the frontier rather than that of slavery. In his discussions of colonial policy and of the Virginia debates of 1831-32, Boorstin explains how Southerners were slow to accept slavery as a permanent fixture of their society, and how they were also slow to abandon hope that its evils could be removed, but I wonder if he doesn't neglect the significance of the cotton gin as the turning point in the defense of slavery. (After making this invention, which changed the whole Southern labor situation, the mechanical genius Eli Whitney returned to Connecticut and, in a triumph of "know-how," created his revolutionary method for producing firearms, thus helping both to cause the Civil War and to ensure that the North would win it.)

Although Perry Miller has an essentially different view of history, and although he has left us only a part of his last and most ambitious work, there are some striking similarities between his understanding of the American experience and Boorstin's. *The Life of the Mind in America from the Revolution to the Civil War*, which Miller began planning at least ten years ago, consists of two-and-a-half books of a projected nine-book intellectual history. The two complete books presented here are on Religion and Legal Thought, and the volume includes Miller's notes on part of the third, Science and Technology, as well as an outline of all the topics he had hoped to treat. By Religion, Miller does not mean speculative theological thought. He is talking about evangelical Christianity, revivals, "a spasm among the populace, a violent explosion of emotions which for long had been seeking release. . . ." For Miller the "dominant theme," no less, of American history between the end of the 18th Century and 1860 is the

> ". . . invincible persistence of the revival techniques, coming to its resplendent triumph in the Third Awakening of 1857-58. We can hardly understand Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman, Melville, unless we comprehend that for them this was the one clearly given truth of their society. By its basic premise, revivalism required – indeed demanded – that between outbursts there come lulls, which would shortly thereafter be denounced as 'declensions.' This was the accepted assumption, and for the mass of the American democracy, the decades after 1800 were a continuing, even though intermittent, revival."

But the appeal of these Awakenings, Miller stresses, was not to the individual shut up in his closet, as were those of Jonathan Edwards' day. "After 1800, the vast literature in defense of the Revival is unabashedly communal." Miller means not only the general community, but the specific one of the church. "We miss entirely the dynamics of the great revivals . . . if we suppose them missions to the heathen: they got their demonic power because they were addressed to those already more or less within the churches. . . ." With this, Miller is very close to a statement of the social paradox – those mechanisms of *community* – that so intrigues Boorstin. Moreover, in the chapter in which he analyzes the unity of the revival movement through the diversity of the churches, Miller discovers the very principles that underlie Boorstin's vivid demonstrations. Boorstin unfortunately doesn't do much with the revival movements, preferring to concentrate on the Negro church and the ways in which Southerners used Christianity to restrain and beguile the Negro, but there is no doubt he will find confirmations in *The Life of the Mind in America*.

There are a lot of new ideas in Miller's section on the Legal Mentality, but, in contrast, they derive from formal rather than popular legal thought. Miller has a fine perception of literature, and he traces the great issue of

THE FREE WORLD COLOSSUS

By David Horowitz

Coming at a time of growing disillusionment with American foreign policy, this carefully documented study of the cold war challenges the basic assumptions on which our policy has been based since 1944. "He has understood the moving forces in the world as few have."—D. F. FLEMING. "An important book and a courageous one."—BERTRAND RUSSELL. 448 pp. $6.95

THE URBAN NATION: 1920-1960

By George E. Mowry

"This story of the growth of the American people from a semi-rural to a highly urbanized society is fascinating and absorbing.... A triumph of scholarly distillation and graceful writing."—ARTHUR S. LINK, Princeton University. This is the fifth volume in *The Making of America* series, General Editor, David Donald. 320 pp. $5.00

MAYAKOVSKY

Translated and edited by Herbert Marshall

Whether its subject is love, Lenin, or bureaucracy, the poetry of Vladimir Mayakovsky, "laureate of the Revolution," is probably the greatest to come out of Russia in modern times. This beautifully translated collection, the most extensive in English, includes 38 pages of drawings by the poet, 12 in color. Introduction by Sir Maurice Bowra. 432 pp. $10.00

THE PEACE CORPS: A Pictorial History

Edited by Aaron J. Ezickson

Introduction by Sargent Shriver

A magnificent book of text and pictures about the peaceful Americans at work. This beautiful volume—with over 325 photographs of Volunteers and the Asians, Africans, and South Americans they work and live with—speaks eloquently of the spirit which in some areas is changing "Yankee go home" to "Send us more Peace Corps Volunteers." 8½ x 11 176 pp. $6.95

At your bookstore

HILL & WANG

141 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Current
905 Madison Avenue, New York 10021
Here's my dollar for your three month special introductory offer.
Name_____
Street_____
City_____State_____Zip_____
R3

Each issue of Current gives you the essence of news and ideas extracted from more than 600 major newspapers, magazines, books, professional journals, radio and television scripts. Current gives order, shape and form to this overwhelming mass of communication, offering the best thinking on major issues in a format that provides a balanced view.

The scope of Current is the scope of involved people everywhere. From Soviet Russia to Urban Renewal, Education to Economics, Sit-Ins to Foreign Policy, Current is the one publication that can give you perspective on every issue.

"Indispensable," said Paul G. Hoffman. "Most useful," said John W. Gardner. "Absolutely essential," said Mark Ethridge. Because we're sure you'll agree, we make this special offer: Try Current for 3 months for only $1.00. Simply fill in the coupon above, mail it with a dollar bill. See for yourself how easy it is to keep current.

If you can't read everything

read Current

the 19th Century, the endless case of Heart versus Head, through Fenimore Cooper, Melville and other serious writers in order to reveal the basic American distrust of law, the belief that "the mystery of the law was a gigantic conspiracy of the learned against the helpless integrity" of the American people. But what Miller is getting at is the magisterial reaction to those struggles between precedents and rules, the pioneering contributions of speculative thought by legal philosophers like Chancellor Kent, Joseph Story and David Field. He is back in the history of ideas. A social historian like Boorstin is more interested in Judge Lemuel Shaw than he is in Chancellor Kent.

It is difficult to tell how successful Perry Miller would have been in evolving a coherent pattern of the life of the mind in America. His is, after all, an incomplete work. He conceived of it as the consummate work of a lifetime devoted to rigorous and unprecedented intellectual inquiry. His struggles to get the time and money for his work – his ordeals as a "lone wolf" against the foundations – are well known. There is evidence that this project got out of hand, that it became too much for even his prodigious talent. It is probably not too much to say that this is the book that killed him.

Old Man from Crete

by Philip Deane

Kazantzakis died before he had time to edit this, his autobiography, and I started the book fearing it might be yet another outrage perpetrated by a famous author's heirs cashing in on his reputation rather than guarding it. I need not have feared. Kazantzakis obviously did not always have to tear up a first draft; the well-advertised rewriting may not have been all that necessary. In this book his strength shows brilliantly. For Kazantzakis fans *Report to Greco* will answer questions, uncover secrets, name names; the giants of his novels did exist and in dealing with them Kazantzakis is at his peak. He had a grasping memory, a passion for the right word; he saw the dramatic in each moment which he endowed with drama. He was an excessive man, and he was a Cretan.

Report to Greco
by Nikos Kazantzakis
(Simon and Schuster; $7.50)

This last attribute has not been appreciated even in Greece. To be Cretan is a distinct, intense state of being. Crete is the geographic embodiment of that fierce love of freedom for which men die. For seven centuries the island was ruled by alien overlords and during that long eclipse, every eighteen years, the young men just reaching manhood fathered their successors then went to die fighting the foreign masters. The orphaned babies would grow up in the mountain fastnesses where Zeus was born, descending to the plains when their turn came, to repeat the cycle. They had one creed: "Freedom or Death," the title of Kazantzakis' greatest novel.

Crete's darkest passage was under the Turk. Relations with him – even in the quiescent intervals, when a wary friendship could be tried – were haunted by the certainty of imminent, intolerable bloodletting on both sides. Kazantzakis, the boy, cowered behind battened doors while outside the Turk ran amok, and the boy was comforted by a paternal promise that the father himself would kill the boy rather than let him fall into infidel hands. And that promise – repeated how many times in Cretan history – was solace.

Those who survived the cyclical massacre were of stern stuff, fierce and more merciless than others. They were *pallikaria* – ferocious, cunning, ruthless, treacherous. And the *pallikaria* overwhelmed Kazantzakis. He never wrote about any others.

But he came to manhood during Crete's newly won freedom and his had to be a different road. The Cretan path to virtue, till then, had been marked in blood. Kazantzakis' was to be marked in ink. It is clear, from his novels and from this autobiography that Kazant-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

zakis thought the Cretan sword mightier than the pen as a symbol of virtue. For this, throughout his life, throughout his books, he felt shame. Measuring himself by the iron standards of his breed, Kazantzakis found himself wanting and compensated by exaggerating. If he could not be a martyr in the cause of freedom, he would be a martyr in some other cause.

Hence his two standard characters – the hero-warrior and the hero-martyr: the hero-warriors Zorba, Captain Michalis, Judas, the gaunt priest of the fleeing Greeks in *The Greek Passion*, and facing them in the same books the hero martyrs, exemplified by the bookish writer in Zorba, Christ himself in *The Last Temptation*, the young shepherd in *The Greek Passion*.

The young shepherd so yearned for virtue that his skin erupted horribly in the "Saint's disease" when impure thoughts entered his mind. Kazantzakis suffered similarly when a girl accepted his proposition. Later he learned to live with his passions, to reconcile his appetites with his desire for sainthood. And he became Ulysses, no longer classifying so rigidly the vices and virtues; able to see that both are stepping stones in an essential search, which is life. Kazantzakis wanted to become Ulysses. Zorba is clearly a transitional character, in the moral pantheon of Kazantzakis; the hero-warrior finally adapted, descending from the Olympian heights of heroism to the pleasant valleys of everyday life – a civilizing process. For Kazantzakis' hero-martyr type the transition was not so easy.

And in this lies his weakness. Whereas the warriors fought, died or won and victory was their justification, for the martyr-intellectual there is no such easy confirmation that his chosen path leads anywhere. In *The Last Temptation*, Kazantzakis' Christ, like the author, is not sure of his own worth. The Christ does find what he seeks on the cross but Kazantzakis did not – not along the path of literary or philosophical martyrdom at any rate.

He made his way into the alien world of the Universities of Paris and Vienna, of the revolutionary hothouses in early 20th-Century Europe. This was a totally new world in which he had no standing. So he clung – fairly indiscriminately because he was making a total rejection of his past which his new milieu did not accept or even know – to Bergson, Nietzsche, Lenin, Freud and Buddha and about those he pontificates tediously, very much the provincial who lands in the literary salon and plunges headlong into the latest cult.

He was a man of the two great books in the life of Greece – Homer and the Bible. In these he feels philosophically comfortable. In others he flounders. But then there are readers who enjoy drugstore philosophy, and these will enjoy the Kazantzakis ruminations and even their repetitious raptures. Other readers can skip and revel in a master story teller.

The translation is uneven. Modern Greek does not treat superlatives as superlatives; "excellent" merely means good just as "Your Excellency" is a formula applied lightly to both statesmen and mediocrities. Translators from modern Greek should take this into account. In English they make Kazantzakis' prose sound more purple than it is. This particular translation has passages in which the English obtrudes and strains. But these are small irritations. The book is lovely.

A book for people who have had years of experience but feel that their sexual relationships are not complete and that it can be bettered

AN ABZ OF LOVE

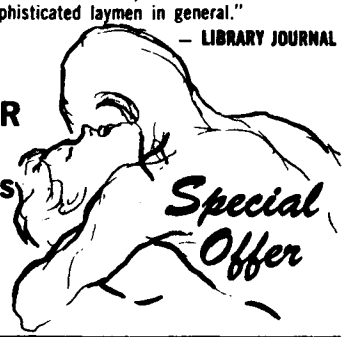
A book of love that stormed the best-seller lists in Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Holland. This is the complete, unabridged, illustrated edition of the most important book on sex today. The authors – both doctors – treat the question of sexual relationships with complete candor. Their disclosures will prove enlightening, and be a guide to a complete and happier sex life.

"The authors describe the mechanics, the variations, the pleasures and the difficulties of the sexual act. They give exact instructions on practical details. . . . It is time the subject of sex was treated with less reserve and more common sense. This book is supposedly aimed at couples in their thirties and forties, but might well be given to the most ignorant beginners." – **TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT**

"The authors set out to write a common sense book about sex. They approach the subject with a healthy curiosity, pleasure, and wit, and without inhibition. . . . The book is handsomely made and contains 120 lyrical drawings which are as frank as is the prose. A civilized book . . . its appeal is to mature, sophisticated laymen in general."
– **LIBRARY JOURNAL**

BY INGE & STEN HEGELER

120 illustrations



Price: $10.00
SPECIAL OFFER
$8.95

UNIVERSITY BOOKS, INC.
New Hyde Park,
New York 11041

I wish to take advantage of your special offer at $8.95 of AN ABZ OF LOVE published at $10.00.

Name:_____

Address:_____

☐ Check enclosed ☐ M.O. enclosed **NR 11**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FUN TO READ!

The IDLER is a lively, individualistic liberal monthly that entertains as it informs. Warm humor and cold facts mixed into a pleasant, personal and personable journalistic pot.

Send $3.00 today for a year's subscription. Money back if not satisfied.

Discover THE IDLER and you will have made a new friend.

THE IDLER
125 Fifth St., N.E.
Washington 2, D. C.

Please send me a one year's subscription to THE IDLER. Enclosed is $3.00.

Name .....

Address .....

.....Zip.....

How often do you unwittingly "insult" foreigners?

How can we dispel misconceptions about the U.S. and convey a correct impression? A noted psychiatrist provides the answers in an indispensable book for all Americans at home or abroad who wish to promote world harmony.

VISITORS TO THE UNITED STATES AND HOW THEY SEE US

BRYANT M. WEDGE

$4.95

Van Nostrand
Princeton, N. J. 08540

Miss MacIntosh, Her Darling

by J. M. Edelstein

Jacket blurbs are not known for modesty. "This book is one of the most ambitious and remarkable literary achievements of our time. It is a picaresque, psychological novel – a novel of the road, a journey or voyage of the human spirit in its search for reality in a world of illusion and nightmare. It is an epic of what might be called the Arabian Nights of American life." Witness its 1,198 hefty, finely printed pages; its price of $10.95; its advance army of legends: more than seventeen years in the making . . . cut by the length of two novels . . . seven suitcases of the manuscript lost once, in Paris, but retrieved by seven men from Cook's with seven wheelbarrows. But *Miss MacIntosh, My Darling* is simply a huge, badly written, apparently not edited, undisciplined spilling out of words in a by now conventional and repetitive blend of a Joycean-*On The Road* credo that as long as you can get it on paper or on tape, anything goes.

Miss MacIntosh, My Darling
by Marguerite Young
(Scribner's; $10.95)

The book is the story of Miss MacIntosh, an old red-headed nursemaid who hails from What Cheer, Iowa; a downright and "normal" lady, she symbolizes truth and goodness to the girl telling the story. For seven years the nursemaid and the girl had been teacher and pupil in an old ruined house on the New England seashore. The girl's mother lay upstairs, paralyzed (perhaps), an opium addict who could not separate her hallucinations from reality. In and out are Mr. Spitzer, a lawyer, musical composer and mystical space traveller, and another who is wholly unsure of himself and reality; his twin brother, a gay and raffish gambler and virtuoso in the world of sports, sometimes alive and sometimes dead; Cousin Hannah, horsewoman, balloonist, mountain-climber and militant Boston feminist, also known as El-Hamad through all the seraglios of the East; Titus Bonebreaker of Chicago, wild man of God, dreaming of a heavenly crown; the very efficient Christian hangman, Mr. Weed of the Wabash River Valley; a featherweight champion who meets his match in a graveyard – and more!

What is real, What is dream? is the central question. But it is a theme which is lost in a fantastic assemblage of words, characters and situations touching on drug addiction, woman suffrage, murder, suicide, pregnancy (real and imagined), schizophrenia, many strange loves, the psychology of gambling, perfectionism, etc. In the end, one is faced with 1,198 pages of unrelieved phantasmagoria.

I would like to quote a longish but typical paragraph as an example of Miss Young's style:

> "The music of the sea whispered to dead sea shells as Mr. Spitzer whispered, wondering who the great composer was if it was not himself with his dead heart, thinking that there was music written never to be played, music written to be contained in no score or box or coffin or sound, music for which there was no vehicle or instrument, no sounding board, no flying kite to explore the void, no trembling string, no harness bell, no carriage, music so intricate that many notes should fly away like blackbirds from windy boughs and many tones were lost and many chords were blurred and many keys were melted, silver keys melting with lead and gold, music so complex and complicated that not even the greatest instrumentalist could catch all its nuances like dissembling clouds, like starlight scraping on sand or the pumice stone of his heart so light that it was made almost entirely of cavities, music like music heard under water, music which should include, if it were complete as no music ever was – for if music was complete, then it was not music, not even the dirge – papery stars whispering in timelessness and autumn leaves almost transparent blown upon the winds of heaven forever down all streets like particles of Mr. Spitzer's psyche,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

body and soul, music which should include doors slamming and whirling multiform snowflakes, snowflakes like roses, cartwheels, moths, stars, snowflakes at the water's rippling edge, plaintive music of fiddler crabs, music of leaping fire, music of smoke fog, neighing horses winged like wild swans, music of chimneys and phaeton sea shells and wentletraps like winding stairways reaching from heaven lighted by fish fins to earth, music of time moving through space and catching all music, time moving as music moved and returning on itself, yet not returning, music of long-departed tides, tides coming not again or coming when Mr. Spitzer was no more, music of wind blowing through Mr. Spitzer's black, rippling cloak like a great skirt blowing as he walked in dying music of the dying tide, music which should include the silent whirlpool, music which should include the music of the silence, the dead heart. Music should include the lost musician with the withered string and the unuttered word."

This is but part of a paragraph.

It is the shrill, strained lyricism of such prose which gives Miss Young's book the quality of highly charged, very emotional, but unworked poetry (she is the author of two books of poetry). Her book exemplifies, it seems to me, the essential problem of the poem – or novel – left unsolved: unsorted elements, complicated movements, insoluble obscurity – all to the detriment of artistic moderation.

Through the Ages with the Durants

by Alex Campbell

The Durants' cultural cliff-hanger has now reached Volume IX; they and their publishers say there is only one more to come (promised for 1968) but personally I find this hard to believe. They will surely think of some delightful excuse for spinning it out to a few more installments. I began reading their "story of civilization" in 1935, little realizing I was about to share the fate of Coleridge's Wedding Guest, or a man switching on his television set and getting *Peyton Place*. Before I laid down *Our Oriental Heritage* I was hooked and looking forward to *The Life of Greece* (published in 1939). And so it's gone on down the years. By now, the Durants' bulky volumes are pillars of culture in hundreds of thousands of American homes – the book clubs have enabled late comers to catch up – and each 700- or 800-page installment is awaited as were new chapters of serials by Thackeray and Dickens. No one will easily convince me that the serial is to end with the 19th and 20th Centuries still untouched.

The Age of Voltaire
by Will and Ariel Durant
(Simon and Schuster; $12.00)

Of late, the Durants have been dawdling: The 18th Century alone claims three volumes. The reason seems clear: They are loitering lovingly in the Age of Reason, where they feel at home. It suits their intent, which resembles Pope's, of whom the Durants say he "knew his limits; he explicitly disclaimed originality of ideas, he proposed to rephrase a deistic and optimistic philosophy in syncopated art, and he succeeded." Their "syncopated art" isn't unlike that of *Time*, which has also educated a generation or two of Americans. *The Age of Voltaire* reads in parts like several sprightly *Time* cover stories. Thus we are told that Claudine Alexandrine de Tencin "bounced out of a nunnery at the age of 32," to become the mistress of an artillery officer and bear his illegitimate child, who grew up to be the philosopher d'Alembert; Claudine went on to a "giddy procession of liaisons" which included Matthew Prior, Bolingbroke and the Regent of France. This sort of thing is of course more than half the fun: How nice to learn, or be reminded, that Madame Pompadour was originally a Miss Fish; that Emma Lyon who helped a fake called James Graham rent married couples a magical wedding bed

The loneliness of a little girl

Her name is Patricia Bright Eagle, a forgotten child with a proud tradition. Patricia's home is made of mud and sticks; her food consists mainly of fried bread and corn.

Like other six-year-old children, Patricia started school this year. It was a frightening experience for her. Able to speak but a few words of English, Patricia suddenly found herself in a world where she became self-conscious and ashamed of her clothes, of her name, of her appearance...of herself. She stays apart, bewildered and lonely.

Patricia will soon learn to speak English, but there are some things school cannot give her, things that the other children have. She needs new shoes, decent clothes, money for school activities and school supplies—and for an occasional luxury such as a bracelet or a small toy. She needs the help of someone who cares... someone to give her the confidence and assurance she needs so desperately to participate in voluntary school and community services.

If not you...who?

You—or your club or office group—can give these things to Patricia or another needy Indian child through SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION. Your contribution of just $12.50 a month will provide a child with funds to buy suitable clothing, books and a cash allowance for school activities.

You will receive a photograph, a case history, and progress reports on the child you sponsor. You may also correspond with the child, so that your generous material aid becomes part of a larger gift of understanding and friendship. Won't you please help?

Founded 1932
SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION
Norwalk, Connecticut 06852

I wish to contribute $150.00 annually to help an American Indian girl ☐ boy ☐
Enclosed is my first payment:
$12.50 a month ☐ $ 75.00 semi-annually ☐
$37.50 a quarter ☐ $150.00 annually ☐
I cannot sponsor a child, enclosed is a contribution of $_____ NR10-2-5

Name_____
Address_____
City_____State_____Zip No._____
Contributions are income tax deductible.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for £100 a night to ensure beautiful offspring became Lady Hamilton, Nelson's mistress; and that Voltaire passionately wrote his niece, Madame Denis, "I press a thousand kisses on your round breasts, on your ravishing bottom." Volume IX like its predecessors is full of facile quotes and neat phrases, for example, "'Diderot,' said Voltaire, 'is too hot an oven; everything that is baked in it gets burned'; even so, many things came out half baked." Sometimes, the *Time* style is borrowed even to the puns: retailing Smollett's account of the wedding night of Commodore Trunnian and Mrs. Grizzle that was passed by his choice in a hammock, the Durants cannot refrain from calling the affair a "navel engagement."

How much does all this syncopation detract from the Durants' avowed aim of writing history as the biography of civilization and of the human mind? Not too much. Their pithy quotations do often serve the proper function of illuminating an age, as for instance David Hume's remark that "Ultimately the life of a man is of no greater importance than the life of an oyster." This is precisely what the Age of Reason was all about. By tracing out the age's dominant ideas, they help to illumine our own. When Helvetius noted that "the same priests who in Prussia regard intolerance as an abomination and an infraction of natural and divine law look on tolerance in France as a crime and a heresy," he might be talking about modern Communists who demand tolerance in non-Communist countries but defend intolerance in Communist ones. One wonders also whether the 20th Century, before it's over, will experience such odd turnabouts as occurred in the course of the 18th Century. At the beginning of that century, Huguenot preachers were still being hanged in Catholic France, but later on, in 1776 and 1778, a Swiss Protestant was summoned by a Catholic king to save the state. This is as if the Kremlin leaned on David Rockefeller or Mikoyan succeeded Rusk.

Surveying their nine volumes, the Durants achieve a typically unweighty interim conclusion: "Heaven and utopia are the rival buckets that hover over the well of fate: when one goes down the other goes up; hope draws up one or the other in turn. Perhaps when both buckets come up empty a civilization loses heart and begins to die." Perhaps. Meantime their many fans, including me, will hope that Volume X's buckets come up full of anecdotes, for, where philosophizing history is concerned, their well of fate seems no deeper than a newsmagazine's senior editors reach weekly.

"THE PRESIDENT *will shortly sign into law a bill authorizing the expenditure of $90 million. The $90 million is needed for discovering whether railroad trains can run real fast between cities, at speeds of 150 m.p.h. It will be spent as follows: $1,000 for travel and expenses for one man to go to Japan and actually see the trains traveling at 150 m.p.h. between cities, and $89,999,000 for entertainment and miscellaneous administrative items.*"

For the current issue of NATIONAL REVIEW send 25¢ to Dept. R-4, 150 East 35th St., New York, N. Y. 10016.

FILMS

Are We Doomed to Festivals?

Two years ago, after the first New York Film Festival, I commented that "festivals are always imperfect, rationally indefensible, exciting." After the third festival, I still think this is true, but the last element – the basal excitement of festival-going – has so diminished (though it still exists) that the two other elements loom larger. I think it is time to examine the very idea of the Festival.

First a look – only a look – at the films themselves. There were 25 feature offerings – and more than 25 shorts – shown in 12 days in Philharmonic Hall. Six features, virtually one-quarter of the total, were the latest works of directors already established in the US; Godard's *Alphaville*, Penn's *Mickey One*, Ray's *Charulata*, Dreyer's *Gertrud*, Visconti's *Sandra*, Kurosawa's *Red Beard*. Twelve films were by new or lesser-known directors, including a French anthology film, two pictures written and directed by the young Pole Jerzy Skolimowski in which he played the (same) leading role, and two one-hour television films by a Frenchman and an Englishman. There were seven "revivals." One of these was a Buster Keaton omnibus including the short film *Film*, written by Samuel Beckett and directed by Alan Schneider. Another was a 1915 French serial, *Les Vampires* by Louis Feuillade, all ten chapters of which were strung together to make a six-hour picture with a one-hour intermission.

There is no point in criticizing the first group here: They will be generally released before long and can then be commented on. For the second group, either they, too, will be released and can be reviewed then or else they will not be released and extended appraisal is superfluous. Likewise extended criticism of the revivals is inappropriate here. However, I offer a few comments on all three categories. The Beckett film was one of the weaker of his many restatements of his sole theme. Six of the young men's films (including Skolimowski's) were about how tough it is to be young these days and did not demonstrate that it is any less tough to be a young director. Two of the old pictures – Clement's *Knave of Hearts* and Cromwell's *Of Human Bondage* – belong on late-night TV with a decor of commercials, not in festivals. The presentation of the serial as a six-hour work was taffeta toshery at its worst and squashed both the fun and the historical interest that might have attached to a chapter or two. I watched an hour of it, comfortably. Most of the shorts were mere nuisances. An outstanding exception was a nightmare about the letter A – an animated-cartoon film by the Pole Jan Lenica. The whole bill again suffered from the program notes of Richard Roud, the Program Director, whose prose is film-journal swill. Examples: one film is "hieratically and soberly photographed." Another is a "breathless mosaic." The serial is a "supreme masterpiece." Mr. Roud writes with a limp mind and wrist.

Concurrently, there were 13 sym-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

posiums on various film subjects. I participated in one, attended another and regret both. The fallacy of symposiums in any field, no matter how capable the participants, is now – for me – firmly established. I have never seen one in which the subject was not debased. Here they were used as added attractions to beef up the main event, like sideshows with a circus.

Which brings us to that main event. I am now convinced that the New York Festival is a misconception. The primary purpose of film festivals is as trade fairs. This purpose is blunted in New York because all the films have already been seen at other festivals and importers have had a chance to buy them. It is true that a few previously unsold films have subsequently been bought – presumably as the result of favorable New York newspaper reviews – but their number can hardly be said to justify the huge mechanism at Philharmonic Hall.

Further, in order to sparkle, the bill needs big-name pictures, all of which are going to be seen anyway. To Visconti and Kurosawa, for example, these showings are completely superfluous. (At Cannes and Venice, they have at least the small incentive of prizes.) For the younger men, I am glad to have had the chance to sample their work (even the two or three that I walked out on). For the revivals, I am appreciative. But the Festival is not the best place or manner for showings in either of these categories. The overall hoopla excitement is there, all right; but audiences – and film-makers – are paying too high a price for it.

The situation that has been established is this: There is now a 10- or 12-day period every September (after Labor Day and before the music season really begins) that must be filled – mostly with new films, whether or not the past year has produced many good ones, whether or not those good ones are available. Scrapings-up and rationalizations, stunts (like *Les Vampires*), are inevitable. Of the good new films, many of them – by the time they get to this affair – are bound for release anyway. As to the merely partially interesting films, they suffer very badly by bearing the implied weight of being major artistic events in an annual harvest of the world's best.

That is precisely what this festival is not. It is only the best that can be done to fill a gap on the Lincoln Center program calendar – a commitment that has been taken on and must now be honored. That, and not artistic celebration, is the first dynamics behind it; and thus it is, in Daniel Boorstin's term, a "pseudo-event." The test is this: Would they call off the Festival next year if they could not find sufficient good films? Would they even shorten the program? They are now committed to success. They brag of their increasing box-office receipts, like the Radio City Music Hall; in the face of this financial rise, would they curtail or abandon next year's Festival if they were unhappy about the prospective program? I doubt it. I do not deplore the attendance. I do not think financial success automatically equals mediocrity. But I do think that much of this year's program was tedious, was made to seem more so because of the whooped-up atmosphere around it, and that the circumstances of the festival have taken precedence over the content.

If Lincoln Center and/or the moneymen behind it were principally inter-

NEW DOUBLEDAY ANCHOR BOOKS

THE FIRST NAME IN QUALITY PAPERBACK PUBLISHING

THE CORPORATION TAKE-OVER
Edited by Andrew Hacker
Ten noted authorities examine the American business corporation's rise to power and social influence, probing the effects of corporate decisions on education, employment, and politics. $1.25

GIVE AND TAKE
The Biology of Tissue Transplantation
by Francis D. Moore, M.D.
"A superb account of the important and exciting new medical field of organ transplantation . . . Dr. Moore gives not only the dramatic details of what has occurred to date, but also an expert how and why."—LEONARD ENGEL, *Harper's Magazine*. Illustrated. $1.25

ABUNDANCE FOR WHAT?
And Other Essays
by David Riesman
The new book by the author of *The Lonely Crowd* ranges in subject from the Cold War to the Cocktail party. "[It] penetrates more deeply into more crucial problems of both the present and the future than any single recent volume. It is as close to 'essential' as a book can be."—*Washington Star*. $2.45

THE BERKELEY STUDENT REVOLT
Facts and Interpretations
Edited by Seymour Martin Lipset and Sheldon S. Wolin
Two political scientists from Berkeley, themselves in disagreement over the meaning of the revolt, here present a wide range of opinions from participants, faculty members and outside observers, plus a detailed chronology and a sampling of the pamphlets and manifestos handed out by both sides. *An Anchor Original*. $1.95

HALF-WAY TO THE MOON
New Writing from Russia
Edited by Patricia Blake and Max Hayward
"Beyond doubt the best single volume of post-Stalin Russian writing available in English."—*Saturday Review*. "A vivid report on the contemporary Soviet literary scene."—*N. Y. Times Book Review*. $1.25

DOUBLEDAY & COMPANY, INC.
Garden City, New York
including LAIDLAW BROTHERS, River Forest, Illinois,
publishers of textbooks for elementary and secondary schools.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ested in films and not in publicity-events, they could make a long stride towards demonstrating it – and towards filling a sorry gap – by effecting a quite different plan; unforced and unfrenetic. What is needed – perhaps at Lincoln Center and certainly throughout the country – is a network of small theatres devoted to a dual purpose: the showing of old films that are no longer available from rental services and the showing of more recent films that have not attracted commercial distribution. Most of these latter (of which there are interesting dozens) would come from abroad, simply because most of our good films do come from abroad, but American films, as appropriate, should also be included.

Amos Vogel, the Festival Director in New York, could easily reply that what I propose is simply a continuation and extension of Cinema 16, the society that he founded in New York, ran for a number of years, and had to close as a society (not as a film-rental service) because of mounting expenses. This is only partly true. What I am proposing is the emulation of a plan operating in Sweden under their Film Institute. A series of club theatres has been established based at universities (here they could also be located in the proliferating cultural centers). Worthy films are imported especially for these theatres if they have not been bought for regular theatres after a reasonable length of time. They are shown around the network for a limited time and are not publicly reviewed. After a tour of some weeks, the rights revert to the owners who are then free to sell them commercially without having had the general audience "spoiled." If the films do not sell, the owners have not lost anything; audiences have gained. The series proceeds on a weekly or bi-weekly basis – not the 6:30 and 9:30 pace every day for 12 days; but there is never an obligation to put a film in if a worthy one is not available. And the entire enterprise is free of the label of "the cream of the festivals" or any hard sell whatsoever. In the US such a system might well have a stimulating effect on domestic film production.

Import fees would be much smaller than the 15 or 20 thousand dollars which, I am told, is usually needed to bring in and launch the most minor and bedraggled foreign films. Still, such a system might not pay its way and should not be expected to. I presented the idea – without success, so far as I know – to a large foundation last year when I returned from a visit to European film centers convinced that America is ignorant of what is happening abroad. The intensity of American public interest in good films may in time persuade them or another foundation or group. One of the dangers of our festival is that it may beguile them into thinking that the job is already being done.

A festival, compressed in time, fancied up in advertising wrappings, and obliged to try to "succeed," is not the answer. The festival idea may, artistically, be a good way to afford an international sampling in some fields, music and the theatre (though even that can be argued). It is not the best method, and may even be a detriment for film, which badly needs a permanent and independent channel of communication between audience and world artists in the art that is the most financially harried of all. STANLEY KAUFFMANN

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Lawrence Grauman, Jr., *is writing a study of literary influence on American life.* Philip Deane *has for many years been the pen name of the Greek diplomat Michael Gigantes.* J. M. Edelstein *is curator of special collections at the New York University Library.*

ART

What Is Not In New York

Sooner or later someone is going to have to do something about the other art going on in this country. There is an awful lot of it, much of it very good. It can do nothing but increase. And it might as well not exist as far as the established organs of art information are concerned.

This is not a stylistic question but a geographical one. The established organs and institutions are in New York; the other art is all over the place. There are, I know, institutions all over the place, too, but in the matter of assessing contemporary art they all tend to follow New York's lead. The local angle is taken care of by a regional show every year or two, in which the area artists are exposed to the metropolitan taste of an imported New York institutional group. It is quite clear that in the view of the local institution, area art is different in kind from that in New York, the perceived relationship being roughly that between major league baseball and the twilight softball club.

Now the giants *do* tend to be New York phenomena, no matter where they actually live. But there are fewer giants than is generally suspected, not more than two or three dozen at any time. Below their level of production there are platoons of painters and sculptors turning out their work in one or another degree of competence, one or another quality of vision. It is a commonplace in New York that only a handful of artists actually earn a living at art. Those who do tend to earn a lot more than a living; the rest, the vast majority, scrape along, somewhat in the manner of actors, selling the odd picture here, getting the odd commission, doing a bit of teaching or picking up a grant that's good for a year, acting as legmen for one of the art publications at pay both low and slow, and always open for money from home. It may be a way of life but it's not a living.

For one thing it's as inbred as the Jukes and Kallikaks. A New York-based artist of the lower echelons sees chiefly artists in much his position, plus their friends, museum people, art writers of various kinds, potential patrons, very few people not connected in one way or another with the art scene. Out in the country there isn't any art scene. A lot of the other art out there is pro-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

teachers:

To stimulate the student mind . . . bring The New Republic into your classroom

THE TEACHERS SAY:

"I use The New Republic *to stimulate the students into discussion about foreign, international, national and controversial issues . . . invaluable."*

". . . the best bet for realistic social and political criticism."

"The New Republic *rates first on our list of periodical reading because it is timely, informative . . . thought-provoking."*

THE STUDENTS SAY:

"Vigorous, fresh style . . ."

"I like the independence of thought and concern for political action which is shown by the editors and authors."

"You publish the finest news magazine for the price."

Those of you who are familiar with *The New Republic* know that it is more than a weekly "news" magazine . . . that it does more than report. It encourages the students to explore, to seek meaning, to "start little insurrections in the realm of their convictions."

If you are a teacher of government, literature, international relations, history or economics, we recommend *The New Republic* for use in your classroom. Special classroom rates for bulk orders of 10 or more copies are as follows: *Each student's copy costs only ten cents weekly* (less than 1/3 the regular newsstand price!) *if 10 or more are mailed to a single address. Free desk copies are included for each instructor.*

Orders may be placed for any number of weeks, for one week only, or for the entire semester. You will receive your copies before they appear on the newsstand—insurance that the contents are fresh and exciting.

And As A Special Bonus!

With every group order received, we will send a special soft-cover edition of *The New Republic's* 50th Anniversary Anthology: THE FACES OF FIVE DECADES, absolutely FREE. Many consider the anthology a compilation of the best in *The New Republic's* first fifty years. It makes a valuable reference edition.

Simply fill in the coupon shown . . . Join teachers across the country who have explored the rewarding, challenging, penetrating *New Republic* in their classrooms.

THE NEW REPUBLIC
An Independent Journal of Opinion
Since 1914
1244 Nineteenth Street, N.W.
Washington, D. C. 20036

Please enter this CLASSROOM ORDER which includes a special soft-cover edition of THE FACES OF FIVE DECADES

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State ..... Zip .....

Number of copies weekly .....

Number of free copies needed for Instructor's use .....

Starting date .....

Termination date .....

Signature .....

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

duced in a university setting, where the artist is accepted as a normal member of a larger world of the intellect, a world which includes practitioners of even more arcane disciplines than his own, a salutary situation as compared with the metropolitan closed world of art in which all outsiders are presumed philistine until proven innocent.

Beyond the university, there also exist, scattered around the country, individual practicing artists who have somehow found the secret of how to make a living on art. This is not a matter of five-minute portraits at carnivals or of fast water colors of scenic views and historic buildings. Nor do these artists usually find a simple, appealing formula of some sort and merchandise it. An astonishing number of artists around the country simply plug away at their painting – and painting is more likely than sculpture to win through here – exhibit at local, state and regional shows, attract attention, sell pictures, sell pictures to people who see the ones they've sold earlier, get commissions from local and regional industries or sell to the corporate collections of such firms.

This suggests, which is true, that there is something like a national market for art coming into existence. It is a market with pronounced regional tastes for regional art that is not in the least regional in character. This market is not the slave of fashion, though fashion operates there as it does anywhere. The market is self-perpetuating and self-expanding. Once in it, an artist can extend the boundaries of the area in which he is recognized, appreciated and purchased very easily. Many do. The nature of the market is considerably different from what we think of as the top New York market for contemporary American art. There is hardly a purchaser out there who thinks of himself as a collector, although there are some as entitled to that name as any. More often there is simply an acknowledged taste for pictures, a recognition of the pleasures to be found in looking at pictures and a sustained effort to widen the scope of those pleasures.

Two painters in this market whose work I've had recent occasion to look at are in the Norfolk area of Virginia, Charles Sibley and Walter Thrift. Sibley teaches, or has taught, at Old Dominion College; Thrift takes an occasional private pupil. Neither is a teacher who paints; they are painters who teach. As far as I can find out, Thrift is the more enterprising of the two in a business sense, which may come from the fact that he is a reformed advertising man. He maintains an impressive traffic in pictures for large exhibitions and for one-man shows throughout the southeast quarter of the country. Both have appeared in New York at one time or another, but both are completely accepted in Virginia and other states down that way as painters to be purchased. They show in galleries but probably more often in shows arranged at small institutions or by local art associations that meet in public buildings.

Their work sells, and it also makes demands on the viewer. Of the two Sibley is probably more immediately accessible, at least in the work for which he seems to be best known in the region. If you know the Tidewater area of Virginia and the Carolinas, you know something of its high skies and flat seas. It is different from New England, very different from California or Florida. Sibley has worked at these local qualities and mastered them in simply stated panoramas of sky stretching vast and in all colors above low water and flat beach. Sometimes trees appear, hung with the trailing parasitic plants of the region. There is never an overt reference to specific place, always a lyric creation of communion with the world at the water's edge.

The other side of Sibley's work is hardly recognizable except in close examination of the way the paint gets onto the canvas, which is in thin, controlled, long strokes. A year or so ago he became a visitor to a state institution for the insane. His less well known pictures are abstracted portraits of inmates, lost in themselves in grays, blacks and whites, enough to break your heart, yet done with austere detachment and economy.

Thrift is a college man, one of the most accomplished I've seen. He is also

The full story of the controversial governor without whom Muñoz Marin's dreams for Puerto Rico would never have come true.

LUIS MUÑOZ MARIN, 1946 (COURTESY DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION, PUERTO RICO)

GOVERNOR REXFORD G. TUGWELL, 1945 (COURTESY NATIONAL ARCHIVES, WASHINGTON)

ADMINISTRATION OF A REVOLUTION

Executive Reform in Puerto Rico under Governor Tugwell, 1941-1946
by
Charles T. Goodsell
Foreword by
Carl J. Friedrich
$4.95 at all bookstores

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

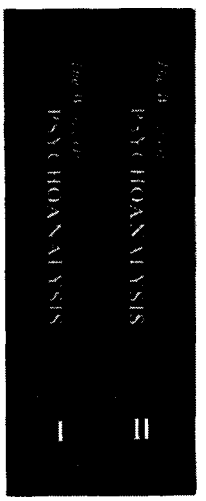
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

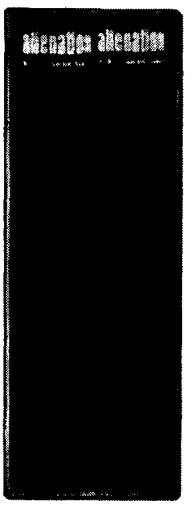
ANY 2

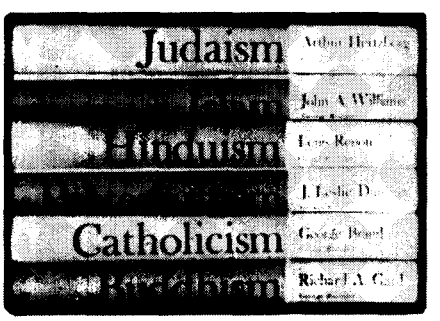
OF THESE VALUABLE REFERENCE WORKS

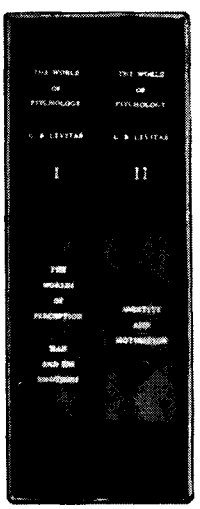
FOR ONLY $4.95

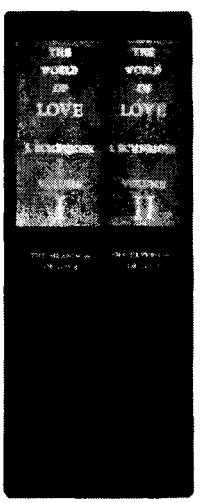
(as many as 10 volumes... combined retail values to $45.45)

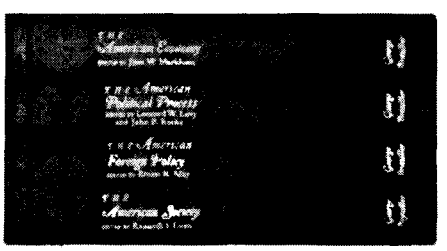


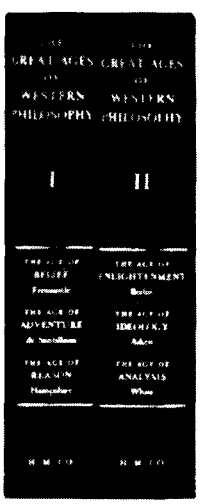


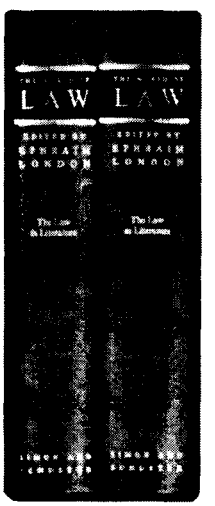












283. GREAT RELIGIONS OF MODERN MAN: Buddhism, Catholicism, Protestantism, Hinduism, Islam, Judaism.

A massive home library presenting the meanings and contemporary significance of the world's major faiths – with extensive selections from their great writings. **Retail $24.00**

305. THE WORLD OF PSYCHOLOGY

Exploring the whole range of motives underlying man's behavior – his perceptions, myths, dreams, fears; his love, hate, and guilt; his ventures into self-discovery – this massive compendium of theories, case studies, and works from world literature contains essential writings by Plato, Freud, Dostoevsky, Jung, Nietzsche, Kafka, Huxley, Fromm, Sartre, and more than 70 other foremost writers. **Retail $17.50**

323. THE MASKS OF GOD: Primitive, Oriental, and Occidental Mythology
Joseph Campbell

The oldest truths of man's inner life seen in the light of a new science to which psychology, anthropology, and archaeology contribute. **Retail $21.45**

267. THE WORLD OF LAW
edited by Ephraim London

From the writings of judges and lawyers, novelists, playwrights, philosophers and prophets, an exciting library of literature about and in law. Among the 90 authors represented are Douglas, Camus, Hand, Faulkner, Brandeis, Miller, Cervantes, Frankfurter, Gandhi, James, Rabelais, Swift, Shaw, Zola and Holmes. **Retail $17.50**

309. THE AMERICAN IMAGE
edited by Ernest R. May

Society, Foreign Policy, Political Process, Economy.

A basic 4-volume library of significant writings on American Civilization – from Jefferson and Lincoln, to Roosevelt and Kennedy, from Twain and James to Reisman and Baldwin. **Retail $20.00**

332. ALIENATION: The Cultural Climate of Our Time.
edited by Gerald Sykes

Alienated man – his relentless search for personal identity; rarely has the cultural predicament of modern man been depicted so vividly or comprehensively. Ninety-eight selections from literature, philosophy, psychology, religion, drama, sociology, poetry, and personal narrative expose the harrowing reality of alienation as the universal condition of our time. **Retail $15.00**

289. THE GREAT AGES OF WESTERN PHILOSOPHY

The major writings of the great philosophers through history to today – accompanied by interpretive commentaries to reveal the development of philosophy from St. Augustine to James, Sartre, and Russell. **Retail $15.00**

344. THE WORLD OF PSYCHOANALYSIS

More than 80 leading psychoanalysts and creative writers from Freud and Jung to Menninger and Bettelheim, from Dostoevsky and Proust to Updike and Roth explore the heights and depths of the human psyche: its growth and development, its regression and neurosis individually, within the family, and its profound impact on human society. **Retail $15.00**

322. THE WORLD OF LOVE

The full scope and depth of human love – from its experience, meanings, and pathologies to its social and moral aspects – explored in the great writings of over 100 philosophers, psychologists, theologians, anthropologists and novelists – including Menninger, Proust, Freud, Aristotle, Fromm, Adler, Malinowski, Dostoevski, and James. **Retail $17.50**

AN EXCITING OFFER FOR DISCRIMINATING READERS

Ranging from psychology, myth, law and philosophy to a massive set surveying the world's major religions, these distinguished reference volumes are indicative of the high quality of selections that are available to members of the Book Find Club. These are books of current interest and lasting value – books that will make precious additions to your home library.

To receive the two sets of your choice for just $4.95, you need only agree to take four more books in the coming year from among the many Selections and Alternates that will be offered to you month by month. In addition to the savings you enjoy on every book offered by the club, you will receive bonus credit for each book or record you purchase after completing the introductory agreement. Whenever you have three such credits, we will mail you a certificate that can be redeemed for a FREE book of your choice from our extensive list of bonus selections.

Each month members have the opportunity to obtain such outstanding books as the following – all selections of the Book Find Club:

The Words, Jean-Paul Sartre; *and* **The Heart of Man,** Erich Fromm. Combined retail price $8.95 Member's price (for both books) $5.95

The City in History, Lewis Mumford. Retail $11.50.....Member's price $6.95

The Invisible Government, David Wise and Thomas B. Ross. Retail $5.95.....Member's price $4.50

The Act of Creation, Arthur Koestler Retail $8.95.....Member's price $5.95

The Mother Tongue, Lancelot Hogben Retail $7.50.....Member's price $5.95

Take advantage of this unusual opportunity today. Simply fill out and return the coupon to us. You can receive as many as 10 volumes with an immediate savings of up to $40.50.

The Book Find Club, Inc.
One Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016

Please enroll me as a member of the Book Find Club and send the two reference works indicated, by number, in the boxes below, billing me for only $4.95 (plus a small charge for postage and handling). I agree to buy four books in the coming year from among the wide range of Selections and Alternates that will be made available to me at membership savings. I may cancel my membership at any time after buying these four books. If I continue as a member I will earn a bonus credit with each additional purchase, and for every three credits, I will receive a certificate that can be redeemed for a FREE book of my choice from the bonus selection list.

INDICATE BY NUMBER THE REFERENCE WORKS CHOSEN ☐ ☐

MR.
MRS. .....
MISS
ADDRESS .....

CITY..... STATE.....
(Same offer and prices apply in Canada: 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Ont.)
ST-2 B65 10NR11

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tony is a real homemade book, the kind your grandmother used to bake.

BOOK HUNTING?
Any Book Located
No matter how old or long out-of-print. Name the book—we'll find it for you! (Title alone is sufficient.) All authors, all subjects. Fiction, nonfiction. No obligation. Write to—
BOOKS-ON-FILE
Dept. NEW
Union City New Jersey

"After a man is cured he beats the doctor"
OLD NIGERIAN PROVERB

"However sharp the knife, it cannot scratch its own handle"
ANOTHER OLD NIGERIAN PROVERB

Yes, there's more to Africa and Africans than you read in the paper. To get behind, to get on top, to get inside this new continent, read

AFRICA TODAY

published ten months a year by the American Committee on Africa.

News and opinion . . . articles on African literature, education, trade union movements, economic development . . . reviews of books published here and abroad.

Short, crisp, easy to read.

FREE TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS

A double gift to bring you up to date on South Africa . . . where racism may be brewing World War III—

- **South African Crisis and U. S. Policy,** 63-page pamphlet ($1.00 value)
- **Partners in Apartheid,** special issue of AFRICA TODAY, showing how US investment bolsters apartheid (50¢ value)

AFRICA TODAY #8
Room 705, 211 E. 43 St.
New York, N. Y. 10017
I enclose $5 for one year of AFRICA TODAY, plus the two FREE items.

NAME

ADDRESS

a completely abstract artist, composing shapes and colors and textures with a sure feeling for the rightness of blocky shapes, often of canvas fragments, placed against dimly luminous space. Neither geometrical nor spasmic, his pictures invite you in, present a complex play among their elements. He submerges his collage elements literally and figuratively in layers of glaze which draw together the disparate materials without quite losing the sense of individuality of each. His most recent work in this technique is much brighter than that of a year ago and much springier. Lines appear in leaping, bramble-like profusion across a horizon. But still the glazes, now completely transparent, hold oppositions in place visually as well as physicially.

Sibley and Thrift are two of a legion of unknown American artists who ought to be more available than they are outside their own areas.

FRANK GETLEIN

Correspondence

Perking Up the Parks

Sirs:

Nathaniel McKitterick (in "Perking Up the Parks," September 18) utterly fails to understand the value, the peculiar value, of the National Parks. For him, we have somehow failed until we have subdued these recalcitrant natural wonders to the point that we can "do" the Canyon as so many "do" the Louvre or the Parthenon. Having characterized his fellow tourists as litterbugs and defacers of public domains, he wants to make it easier for more hundreds of thousands of them to be able to say they have "made the floor of the Canyon." In short, perking up the parks consists in nullifying those considerations which make them desirable parks: relative isolation (on the floor, if not the rim), relative freedom from human "improvement" and the opportunity to discover that our intercourse with nature does not have to be medicated by *Kuchen mit Schlag.*

James M. Smith
Princeton, N. J.

Mr. McKitterick propagates a popular misconception: that parks are not for recreation, but for entertainment. . . . For those who want a paradise to pass before their eyes with no minor discomforts – let them watch it on film, and litter their living rooms.

Paul H. Tremaine
Montreal, Quebec

It seems to me that Mr. McKitterick does not go nearly far enough in his suggestions for attracting tourists to our national wonders like Grand Canyon. Why not a series of elevator shafts? They could be approached by cat-walks from the rim, and provide stop-offs on ledges on the way down for picnicking, with tables of course and trash baskets. I wasn't aware that one rode the mules down the trail standing up, but surely tourists would not mind standing for a few minutes in the rapidly descending elevator, especially if the appropriate passage from Grofe's famous suite could be played from a loud speaker.

As for the Pueblos. Would it be possible to construct a narrow tunnel leading through these former domiciles, with some dark places for the benefit of the young, some well-lit grottos, etc. and in the former cave-dwellings why not some life-size animated Indian figurines, making whatever they used to make, sitting around their fires. . . .

I see no mention of Yosemite Valley, but colored lights under the falls when there is water, and music by Tchaikovsky might help, and when there is no water, couldn't we fake some?

Myra Smilow
East Chatham, N. Y.

Mr. McKitterick reports more visitors "crammed" into Rocky Mountain National Park than visited Europe this summer, yet he complains that the National Park Service doesn't do enough to support tourism. If he wants more *son et lumière* on the American landscape, he can always go to Disneyland: plenty of lit-up mountains, roaring swamps there. If he wants to sight-see while sitting down, he's got the monorail at the New York World's Fair.

Actually, if he had stayed longer in the region he describes, he would have found quite decent restaurants in all sorts of unexpected places, including ghost towns. He would have learned that a Chamonix-like tramway is being

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

built just outside Albuquerque, up the west side of the Sandia Mountains, that will have the longest single stretch of suspended rail in the world over breathtakingly rugged country, with a sweeping view.

There's scenery enough outside the National Parks. Why mess them up any more than McKitterick reports they are being messed up? Whose side is he on? Friends like him, the Parks don't need.

As for the suggestion about shipping automobiles by rail to Denver and Albuquerque where they might be picked up by their owners: Hasn't McKitterick heard about car rentals, which provide cars exactly as he'd like to have them and, I'm sure, at less cost?

Morris Freedman
Albuquerque, N. M.

I suggest that Mr. McKitterick read the Act of Congress that established Yellowstone, our first national park, before he begins to erect cable cars across the Grand Canyon. The main purpose of the National Parks Act is to preserve, in the primal state, the beauties of our country, albeit at the expense of convenience and the loss of dollars that tourism might attract.

He is a little late in his suggestion to rebuild a ghost town on the west slope of the Rockies. The town of Silverton, Colorado, has been rebuilt, and is reached either by highway or by a spectacular train ride on the old narrow gauge right-of-way of the Denver and Rio Grande from Durango, Colorado, another old mining town.

If he prefers his ghost town more comfortable, convenient, and civilized, he could always visit Central City, Colorado, just forty-five minutes west of Denver. It is a famous old mining camp complete with melodramas and a Summer Opera Festival with European opera stars in the Old Teller House (famous for the face on the bar room floor).

Martin K. Baker
Illinois Teachers College

COMING

Sex Offenders

The newest Kinsey report

reviewed by Robert Coles

A Spaniard in the Works

Sirs:

My congratulations to John Wain for . . . a willingness to stand up to the masses. In a particularly opaque review (August 7), dealing largely with James Joyce, Giambattista Vico, Marshall McLuhan, and Boris Pasternak, Mr. Wain assures the faithful that John Lennon's book, *A Spaniard in the Works*, is not a work of great literary merit.

I suggest that Mr. Wain has missed the point. Judging Lennon on his philosophy is like judging Spinoza on his humor. *A Spaniard in the Works* is meant to be funny. It is not intended as erudite scholarship. . . . To say that Lennon overdoes a good thing or has insufficient imagination for his task may or may not be valid. It is at least relevant. These are the terms in which the book should be discussed. Mr. Wain has managed to be nothing more than snide, cute, and snobbish.

Nor do I share Mr. Wain's horror at seeing the book "read and absorbed by virtually the whole generation of adolescents in Britain and a good many in America too." What does he suggest? Shall they be forced to read the *real* Joyce? Perhaps one shouldn't allow the rabble to read at all?

Jonathan McCormick
Yale College

Tshombe's Consistuency

Sirs:

I appreciate Mr. Patrick O'Donovan's generous review (September 11) of my *Writers and Politics* and I am sorry to be obliged to correct the following statement in it:

> "His remark about President Tshombe of the Congo simply does not make sense. He said, 'Tshombe has no African support, even in Katanga, and in the rest of the Congo his name is only known as that of a rebel and a traitor.' Mr. O'Brien has not been in the rest of the Congo and the statement is simply untrue."

I agree that the unqualified statement "Tshombe has no African support even in Katanga" is untrue; but I made no

In his new book,

Daniel J. Boorstin

makes a boldly original reinterpretation of American history and character from the Revolution to the Civil War, continuing the monumental work begun in his prize-winning *The Americans:* THE COLONIAL EXPERIENCE.

The Americans
The National Experience

$8.95, now at your bookstore

RANDOM HOUSE
457 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. 10022

PSYCHIATRIC BOOKS

READ AT HOME ON FREE TRIAL . . . the innovational book about the real nature of man written by a renegade American psychoanalyst. No obligation to buy. Get free details and circular plus periodic new book lists by mail. Write: **NATIONAL Mailcraft, Book Division, Room 2002, 6 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602**

VIET-REPORT
AUGUST/SEPTEMBER

THE GENEVA AGREEMENTS
Robert S. Brown:
VIETNAM REVISITED
Roger Hagan:
COUNTER-INSURGENCY
PROFILE OF VIETNAMESE HISTORY, PART II

50c single copy $5 one year
133 W. 72 • NY 10023 • 799-0870

EUROPE

An unregimented trip stressing individual freedom. Low cost yet covers all the usual plus places other tours miss. Unless the standard tour is a "must" for you, discover this unique tour before you go to Europe.
EUROPE SUMMER TOURS
255 Sequoia, Dept. N—Pasadena, California

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

289 EUROPEAN HOTELS – 168 cities, 24 countries covered in latest list of excellent, inexpensive hotels. Prices, addresses. $1.00: Voyager LTD, Box 24684 NR, Los Angeles 24, Calif.

CHAITS HOTEL – Modern, informal, integrated hideaway for delightful, talented, creative guests. Folk Dancing. Art Classes. Off Broadway Entertainment. Day Camp. Teen Program. Infant Facilities. Tennis. Swimming. Golf Nearby. 300 Scenic Acres. Accord 9, N.Y. Tel. 914 – 626-7373.

LAKE SHORE FARM — Informal Vacations, Erudite Clientele. Enjoy Autumn's Splendor. Northwood, New Hampshire.

UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY. West Coast Corporation recently reorganized that can withstand rigid financial examination is offering on a no-franchise fee basis exclusive distributorships. This is a product in demand by every home owner and every business and is currently being used by such national organizations as Sears, Roebuck and Co., Holiday Inn Motels and various branches of the armed forces. Product 100 percent guaranteed; investment from $600 to $14,000. Investment guaranteed with 100 percent markup. Manufacturer has proven method of distribution, advertising and merchandising. A factory representative will assist you in setting up your business. For complete details and descriptive literature write National Chem-Plastics Corp., 1550 Page Industrial Blvd., St. Louis, Missouri 63132 or call collect Robert T. Adams at HA-6-7242, Area Code 314.

POETRY WANTED. Enclose envelope. Idlewild Publishing Company, 333 Frederick, San Francisco, California.

THOUSANDS OF LITTLE-KNOWN $5,000-$5 million business and income opportunities available. All types! Get interesting free report. Business Opportunities Digest, 519 Center (210-NR), Racine, Wis.

Changing address?

Send both

old and new addresses to

SUBSCRIPTION

DEPARTMENT

THE NEW REPUBLIC

381 WEST CENTER ST.

MARION, OHIO

Allow three weeks
for change to become effective

such unqualified statement. Mr. O'Donovan has inadvertently omitted important qualifications. What I wrote was as follows:

> "Mr. Tshombe's native support, such as it is, comes (mainly in the form of loyal addresses) from the chiefs and elders of the Lunda people in Western Katanga and some other Belgian-appointed chiefs in other parts of Katanga. Outside this rather somnolent section, and such tribesmen as they can influence, or are enrolled in his gendarmerie, or are otherwise on his payroll, Tshombe has no African support, even in Katanga, and in the rest of the Congo his name is only known as that of a rebel and a traitor."

With these qualifications I believe my statement, so far as it concerns Katanga, would be accepted by most outside observers who know that region. As regards the rest of the Congo, Tshombe never even sought popular support there until *after* he became Premier and up to that time he was necessarily known, through the Congo radio, as what he officially was in the eyes of the Leopoldville Government (and most other African governments), *i.e.* a rebel and a traitor.

Conor Cruise O'Brien
New York, N.Y.

Changing the Mallory Rule

Sirs:

Much of what Alexander Bickel observes apropos of the recently passed Senate bill changing the so-called *Mallory* rule ("Fighting Crime," September 18) commends itself to good sense. It is refreshing to read something on criminal procedure other than polarized invective.

It is, however, dangerously tranquilizing, I suggest, to continue to give currency to the piffle mouthed by the Deputy Attorney General and others, that, "court rules do not cause crime." We cannot say, of course, that the application of court rules directly result in crime. The causes of crime, whatever they are, are surely too complex for such single-minded judgments. Yet we can say with virtual certitude that their application is a factor which may make subsequent crime possible. In that sense, they do indeed cause crime. . . .

The so-called *Mallory* case is the classic illustration of my point. The Supreme Court refused to uphold Andrew Mallory's 1957 rape conviction and death sentences. Three years later Mallory raped another woman in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Obviously, had his 1957 death sentence been carried out, there would have been no 1960 rape.

"No society can afford to leave at large," Justice Patrick Devlin of England's High Court has aptly noted, "more than a limited number to identify, convict and then reform – or at least incapacitate – a sufficient number of those who flout its laws moves a society progressively closer to a state of quasi-anarchy. The liberty of the King's subjects, which we all hold dear, ultimately depends first on the effective establishment of the King's peace. The application of rules of law by the courts, plays a fundamental role in the maintenance of both liberty and peace. It is time more people gave more recognition to both aspects of the courts' role in our society.

G. Robert Blakey
Notre Dame Law School

TV for Middlebrows

Sirs:

James Ridgeway (in "Not So Educational Television," August 21) speaks of "a string of tiresome documentaries that are minor parodies of work done by the networks." To whom are they tiresome? What is this audience? For in spite of his quotation from Mr. White, that "there really is no such thing as a NET audience," and also that "our biggest task is to begin to get middlebrows," he seems to take the position that the "highbrows" are the audience for whom the public affairs documentaries were planned, and, furthermore, assumes that he represents them. We at WETA/Channel 26 have reason to believe that the viewers from whom we have received appreciative comments on "the general view and review of history" which these programs have brought them, are not "highbrows" but "middlebrows," the very group which NET is seeking to attract.

Elizabeth P. Campbell
The Greater Washington Educational Television Association, Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

20 BEAUTIFUL BLACK & WHITE WALLET SIZE prints and 1 5x7 in folder–$3.00 postpaid; made from any slide, negative or photo. Satisfaction guaranteed. Erler Camera, 1540 East 83rd Street, Chicago 19, Illinois.

FOR ANTIQUARIANS still shooting black and white films, finest quality enlargements 5x7—35c, 8x10—44c, 11x14—95c, 16x20—$2.50. Please add postage. Foto Portrait Co., 1173 Ogden Ave., New York 10452.

COLOR SLIDES CUSTOM PRINTED, 11" x 14" color prints for wall display, hand-crafted, one man lab. D. Gucker, 969 Barkley Circle, Norman, Oklahoma.

BEAUTIFUL BLACK AND WHITE 8x10 ENLARGEMENT from any photo, negative or slide–$2.00 postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Erler Cameras, 1540 E. 83rd St., Chicago, Illinois 60619.

DEANLESS COLLEGE for non-authoritarian students. Blake College, Valle de Bravo, Estado de Mexico.

OPPORTUNITY for a future with a well-known Midwest manufacturing firm. We are now offering exclusive distributorships for a patented product. No competition. Factory trained personnel will assist you in setting up a tried and proven advertising and merchandising program. 100 percent mark-up. Investment guaranteed. Minimum investment $1,000. Maximum $14,000. All replies confidential. For information write Director of Marketing, P.O. Box 14049, St. Louis, Missouri 63178.

OVERSEAS POSITIONS offer high salaries, free travel. Employers provide transportation and liberal vacations. Comprehensive new booklet, "Guide to Employment Abroad," covers all possibilities in sixty countries, all occupations. Includes exclusive "Directory of American Companies Overseas." Special reports on summer jobs, Government careers overseas, international organizations, medical work, teaching, librarian, secretarial positions, English-language newspapers overseas, social work. Send $1.00. Airmail 30c extra. Money-back guarantee. Hill International Publications. P.O. Box 79-N, East Islip, New York.

SILENCE THOSE AGGRESSIVE HUCKSTERS! - Minimize commercial brain-washing! Silence commercials with simple device. Illustrated "do-it-yourself" instructions plus safety resistor, 25c; complete kit, including switch, wire and safety resistor, $1.50 The Silencer, P.O. Box 106, Berkeley 1, California.

START A COLLECTION AGENCY. "Little Gold Mine!" Free Details. Franklin Credit, Roanoke, Virginia 24004.

21 WAYS TO SAVE ON YOUR PHONE BILL. Send $1 to American Telephone Consumers Council, 1133-H Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10036.

EXPERIMENT WITH "SLEEP-LEARNING." Self-hypnosis. Use your phonograph, recorder. Fascinating, educational. Details free. Sleep-Learning Research Association, Box 24-NR, Olympia Washington.

PERSONS VISITED BY POST OFFICE over so-called obscene literature. Contact – Janus, 34 S. 17th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

VACATION AND TRAVEL CLUB. Free registration. Write Mrs. Ingrid Shark, PO Box 2836, Washington, D.C. 20013.

PROGRESSIVE 10 issues $2.50, Holiday 16 issues $4.00, Newsweek 27 issues $2.97, Fortune 18 issues $13.75. Pollocks Magazines, Little Silver, New Jersey.

FREE WORLDWIDE SEARCH SERVICE for out-of print books in any language: The Compleat Bookman, Box 148, Northport, L.I., N.Y. 11768

BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS – All subjects. Catalogue free. Wants found. Transbooks, Box 44-NR, Matawan, New Jersey.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS Supplied. Access to one million books, magazines. Free lists. Ardent Book-Finders Dept. NR, 19 Salem, Cos Cob, Conn.

LOCATE BOOKS! Fla. Bookhunters. Box 15070-R. Orlando, Florida.

NAME THE BOOK – We'll get it. CHICAGO BOOK MART, Chicago Heights 331, Illinois.

BOOKPLATES. Free catalog. Many beautiful designs. Address BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs 3, Ohio.

"THE COMMUNITY: COULD THIS BE OUR TOWN?" by Wolf Von Eckardt. Pamphlet form, color cover. Reprinted from THE NEW REPUBLIC's 50th Anniversary Issue. 25c each, 10 copies for $2.00. Order from Dept. M, The New Republic, 1244 - 19th St., N.W., Washington, D. C. 20036.

"UNLIKE ANY OTHER MAGAZINE!" The Booklover's Answer, fascinating national magazine for book collectors. Pick up a copy at your favorite bookstore; or send $1.00 for introductory package of recent issues. The Booklover's Answer, Webster 9, New York.

NEW INDIVIDUALIST REVIEW, a quarterly journal of classical liberal thought, invites you to question the conventional wisdom of the modern left. $2.00 for four issues (students $1.00). Sample on request. New Individualist Review, Ida Noyes Hall, University of Chicago 60637.

"AMERICA TOMORROW: CREATING THE GREAT SOCIETY." THE NEW REPUBLIC's widely applauded 50th Anniversary Issue, Special Studies on all of the main issues of today's world. Special reduced rate, 60c. Order from Dept. M, The New Republic, 1244 - 19th St., N.W., Washington, D. C. 20036.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE DRAFTED is must reading for every young man. $1.00, Munn, Box 1018, Mission, Kansas.

HOW AND WHERE to live in remote areas of the US. Pioneer Newsletter-monthly, $2 year. Box 149, Calabasas, California.

FOR INFORMATION DIRECT FROM CHINA, subscribe to *Peking Review* $4, airmailed weekly in English. China Books & Periodicals, 2929-24th St., San Francisco, Calif. Free Catalog.

DIARISTS: Author forthcoming book on diaries seek diarists or their heirs willing to answer a questionnaire. Privacy respected; information for background only. John L. Washburn, 701 Washington Building, Washington, D. C.

DO YOU HOLD A NONTHEISTIC VIEW of the world? Believe in man's potential to solve mankind's problems? There is an international organization of individuals who share your views. For information, literature, two copies of *The Humanist*, send $1 to American Humanist Association, Dept. NR6, Humanist House, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.

HARPSICHORD KIT—A superb, authentic, full toned instrument for home workshop assembly, $150. Same instrument as owned by Philadelphia Orchestra and RCA Victor. Also Clavichord kit, $100. Free brochure. Please write: Zuckermann Harpsichords, Dept. P, 115 Christopher Street, N.Y.C. 14.

MUSICAL DELIGHT for a lifetime: a Sabathil harpsichord from Vancouver, Canada.

HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS by Sperrhake. Dependable, beautiful, moderately priced. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Md.

A LOVE AFFAIR WITH THE PIANO! Master lessons, through correspondence. 33 years experience. Beginners. Rusty Intermediates. Age no barrier. Box 475, New Republic.

FOLK MUSIC RECORDINGS OF CONSISTENT QUALITY Authentic traditional singers, instrumentalists; tasteful interpreters. For descriptive catalog, write: Dept. NR, Folk-Legacy Records, Inc., Huntington, Vermont.

POLY SLEEVES to protect your LP jackets and records. Heavy, min. 50, 5c. Light, min. 100, 2½c Poly Products, Box 323, Hillburn, New York.

ORIGINAL ART costs less than Reproductions! Join GRAPHIC CIRCLE® — pay $3 monthly ($36 yearly) for original, signed, limited edition lithographs, etchings, woodcuts by contemporary German artists, biography included. Free brochure, Graphic Circle, Dept. NR, 68 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10011.

MASAIS, GIRAFFES, RHINOS, African Carvings; Free Brochure; Verkaufen Imports, Box 137, Le-Mars, Iowa.

NOW! New and unique gifts! 75 personalized, selected items. Send for free brochure. Mendez, 426 S. Hill, Los Angeles, Calif.

THE BEAUTIFUL EQUALITY PIN . . . $1.00. Student Peace Union national office, 5 Beekman St., New York 38, N. Y.

HAVE A FRIEND INTERESTED IN PHILATELY? Next 7+ cacheted covers commemorating US Major Space Efforts plus monthly space-philatelic-newsletter for $5.00. Space Craft Covers, Box 2296, Huntington, W. Va., 25724.

"WILL FORMS." Two will forms and book on wills. $1.00 complete. National Forms, Box 48313-NR, Los Angeles 48, Calif.

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN at a fraction of their American retail price! $12.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Money back guarantee. Write for free illustrated catalogue. Steven Williams, Jr., Ltd., 37 East Willow Street, Millburn, N.J.

FOOT COMFORT—Also extra large sizes. Free all-seasons catalogue. 50 styles double deerskin, sheepskin moccasins, casuals, other slippers, shoes, boots. Cottage Crafts Shop, Rutland, Vermont 05701

FREEZE AT DEATH, Reanimate In Future (Hopefully), non-profit (Newsletter—$2.00 year) L.E.S., 2011 N Street, N.W., Washington, D. C.

Printed by National Publishing Co. 301 N St., N.E., Washington 2, D. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EVE INTRODUCED ADAM TO KNOWLEDGE...

Now make the best of it read Commentary

. . . "One of the best periodicals in the world." —C. P. Snow

The words of C. P. Snow are in praise of Commentary, the magazine that thoughtful readers everywhere have come to rely on for serious and provocative discussion of the whole range of contemporary issues.

As another reviewer has said: "In recent years, under editor Norman Podhoretz, Commentary has entered a vintage period . . . It is the best monthly in the English-speaking world."

No magazine for skimming through, Commentary is nevertheless lively and lucid—stimulating in scope and thoroughness. In the words of Newsweek: "The special excitement of Commentary is that the magazine transmits thought as event—and this is the most important thing for a civilized journal to do."

Introduce yourself to Commentary, the magazine of critical intelligence. The coupon below will bring you eight months of Commentary for only $3.87. Mail it today.

COMMENTARY, Dept. NR 51
165 East 56th St., New York, N.Y. 10022

For New Subscribers Only

Please send Commentary for the next eight months at the special rate of $3.87 (regular rate $8 a year)

☐ Extra issue! Enclose $3.87 now and we will extend subscription to nine months.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Outside U.S.A.—add $1.00 per subscription.
Please use separate sheet for gift subscriptions.

"Commentary has performed a magnificent service and function in presenting the significant issues to its readers."
—Vice President Hubert Humphrey

"Commentary is a magazine for which I have a special affection, both as a writer who is grateful for its brilliant editorship and as a reader who can find in no other magazine on the American scene such sustained seriousness and intellectual dignity."
—Alfred Kazin

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED